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July 13th 1901

Collier's

THE GREAT FLOOD IN WEST VIRGINIA

(SEE PAGE 4)

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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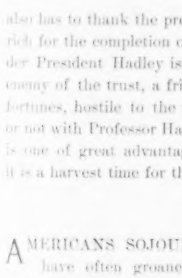
DRAWINGS BY EDWARD PENFIELD

The WEEK

IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS ISSUE WE PRESENT a statement of the history and causes of the tariff dispute between this government and the government of Russia. Our readers may accept the article as an official reply by the Treasury Department to the published statements of the Russian Minister of Finance. Mr. Gage has had a distinct advantage in the controversy so far, for he has kept his temper while M. de Witte, with characteristic rudeness, has adopted a tone better suited to dealings with the brow-beaten bankers and manufacturers of Russia than to a diplomatic interchange with a great power. The soft answer that turneth away wrath is no part of the equipment of a Minister who has had to fight single-handed the battle for the financial preservation of an almost bankrupt nation, and M. de Witte has not displayed even common civility in discussing Mr. Gage's position. But the American's good-nature remains unruffled, the tone of the controversy has improved in the way of reciprocal toleration, and there is some reason to believe that the tariff war will conclude with a treaty of peace satisfactory to both sides.

IN HIS ARTICLE ON AMERICA IN THE "NINETEENTH Century" Frederick Harrison remarked that the pious founder had passed away in England but over here he still flourishes. The title is perhaps better suited to Mr. Rockefeller than to Mr. Morgan, who scarcely pretends to piety, but the munificence of the latter's gift to Harvard will not be disputed because it is for the benefit of a medical school rather than for a theological seminary. The amount is in the neighborhood of one million dollars, and the foundation is in honor of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's father, Junius Spencer Morgan, at one time a merchant of Boston, who later went to London, where he joined a famous banking house and became a prominent figure both in the financial circles and in the social life of that capital. Yale also has to thank the prevailing spirit of generosity among the rich for the completion of her great building fund. No wonder President Hadley is pleased with modern conditions—an enemy of the trust, a friend of the trustees; tolerant of large fortunes, hostile to the way they are made. We may agree or not with Professor Hadley's cheerful theory that the period is one of great advantages for aspiring youth, but certainly it is a harvest time for the colleges.

AMERICANS SOJOURNING IN LONDON OR PARIS have often groaned under the tax for chairs in the parks. You compose yourself as comfortably as you can in a chair of incredible stiffness and are about to take your pleasure of the cavalcade in the Champs Elysées or Rotton Row, when a tottering old woman or a greasy young man descends on you and mulcts you of two pennies or four sous, or whatever the odious tax may be. There are free benches but they are very remote and even more dirty. One would have thought that this would be the last of the institutions of Europe to be brought to America, but an enterprising young merchant has induced the Park Commissioners in New York to give him the privilege of charging five cents for the use of a chair on the roadside in Central Park. This concession and one or two other facts have called attention to the growing tendency to limit the popular use of New York's beautiful park. It is one of the loveliest in the world, but the restrictions on free progress forbid much of its loveliness to the thousands. "Keep off the grass" signs flourish a menace at the visitor from every side. In this respect it is far less "popular" than the parks of London or Paris. They order these things better in Chicago, where nearly all the lawns and meadows are common and invite the children of the poor to a reasonable substitute for the pleasant life of the country. The consequence of this policy of the Western park commissioners may be seen in the size and character of the crowds that gather on Saturdays and Sundays in the Chicago parks. We have not heard any complaint from the landscape gardeners in Chicago that their work was destroyed by the children's feet. Perhaps they think grass was made to be walked on as well as to be seen from a horse or an automobile.

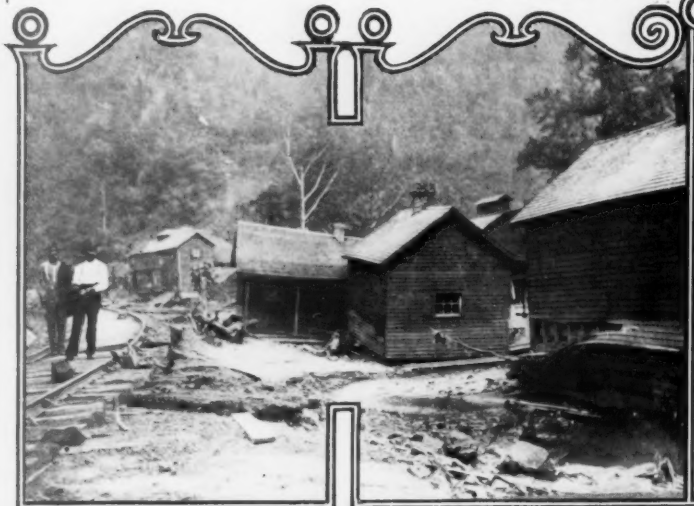


THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, OR A great part of it—to wit, the gallant General Sickles—is determined to get rid of Mr. Evans, the Pension Commissioner. The reason is that Mr. Evans has been particularly zealous in investigating pension claims and in discouraging fraudulent attempts on the United States Treasury. General Sickles says he has a promise from the Republican National Committee that Mr. Evans will not be reappointed. So far the only evidence of this promise is a letter from the light-hearted Senator Nathan Scott, in which the Senator says he does not think it probable that Mr. Evans will be reappointed, but General Sickles darkly hints at Greater Personages in the background. Pending a revelation of their names, the General wishes he were twenty years younger that he might lead a column down Broadway to burn or raze the offices of newspapers that protest against the pension extravagance. Fortunately for the lurking editors and publishers, and for the peace of the community, the General's wish cannot be gratified, and even if the hands of the clock could be turned back for his accommodation, the task he proposes would be a heavy one for a youth of fifty or fifty-five. It would practically mean the destruction of the offices of publication of all the big newspapers, for hardly an important journal has come to hand which does not support Mr. Evans' policy. Perhaps the old soldiers—the honorable veterans of the war as well as the professionals who have turned a creditable patriotic organization into a means of livelihood for claim agents and their coffee-cooling clients—will be so blinded by their feelings that they cannot see in this unanimity of the press of all parties a reflection of general discontent with the phenomenon of a dwindling band of heroes and a swelling pension list. But the warning is not likely to go unheeded at Washington. "Corporal" Tanner, whose virtuous indignation started the discussion, is to be thanked for raising an issue through which the public can enter its protest against the scandalous waste of the pension system while defending a public officer who has done his duty faithfully.

THE NATIONAL BANKING ACT IS SPOKEN OF with pride as the finest known example of protective financial legislation. It is inexorable in its pursuit of criminals. It marches without haste and without pause after the wayward cashier and the indifferent director. It is a very Brutus among laws. We have seen how it pursued old Mr. Fish and young Mr. Ward to the penitentiary and how it clung to Alvord and would not let him go even when he talked of giving back a large part of the six hundred and ninety thousand dollars he had stolen. There is much curiosity to know how this awful instrument of justice will act in a recent case of bad banking which is also complicated with a certain amount of bad politics. The offences charged and not denied are over-certification of checks and lending more than the legal proportion of the bank's capital. The offenders and their friends plead the commonness of the practice, but we are not aware that the law takes cognizance of such a plea It did not, at least, in Fish's case. Fortunately, the Seventh National failure in New York City did not involve many innocent persons in ruin. In fact, the only persons hurt are those who went into the business with their eyes open, or, what amounts to the same thing, with their eyes shut. In this respect, the Seventh National failure differs from the collapse of the Leipsic bank, which has inflicted wide-spread distress. The German Government has closed the stable door after the horse escapes, by arresting the directors right and left. American financiers who have visited Germany in recent years have expressed wonder that the headlong speculation of German bankers in all sorts of values, including the shares of their own banks, has not long since brought about an even greater catastrophe than that in Leipsic.

THE WEEK HAS FURNISHED EVIDENCE THAT THE decent elements in two large communities are waking up and rubbing their eyes. In Philadelphia the giving away of railway franchises has been denounced by mass meetings and a movement is on foot to support the independent candidacy of the present District-Attorney, who was refused a renomination by Quay's machine, apparently because he is honest. In New York the Grand Jury has indicted Croker's most intimate friend, a picturesque ruffian whose acquaintance with Croker began when both statesmen were in jail accused of murder. Croker, it turned out, was not guilty. His friend was, for he had shot down in cold blood, and in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, the man who had murdered his brother. On the first trial he was convicted. On the second trial, he instructed his lawyer to challenge all Irishmen—although of that extraction himself—because "an Irishman always wants to hang every one." A native-born jury declared he was insane when he committed the crime. He has been sane ever since, unless, perchance, he has suffered from kleptomania.

A RACE BETWEEN MEN OR BRUTES OR BICYCLES is exciting, but a race between automobiles—a race in which two hundred automobiles are entered—a race across the continent from Paris to Berlin, with a cup from the President and a cup from the Kaiser as prizes—this is surely the crown of modern sporting enterprise. The air of the Place de la Concorde reeks with petroleum, the "lamps of the machines pierce the darkness like the eyes of nocturnal monsters," the "Soir pour demain" is issuing special editions far into the night. Early in the morning they are off, charging across the country in clouds of dust, shedding petroleum, benzine, steam, blue goggles, monkey-wrenches, and all the horrid appurtenances of these steeds. A little girl is run over and killed at Rheims. A toll-gate is carried away at Aix. Near the Belgian frontier an American chauffeur, Mr. Foxhall Keene, who, not content with activity at polo, steeple-chasing, horse-racing and golf, is bent upon excelling at the game which must be regarded as the rank enemy of all four—Mr. Foxhall Keene is pitched from his seat into a cabbage patch. He remounts, and arrives eighteenth at the first stopping-place. They are up again and at it before the sun next day, wisely declining the invitation of the burgomaster to dine with him. Town Councils come timidly out and offer them the freedom of the cities. They have already taken it. At Cassel one machine collides with another and both with a boy. A petroleum motor blows up at Düsseldorf. At Ruhrort a child is run over. But fifty of the carriages arrive in Berlin, where a great crowd welcomes M. Fournier, the winner, who has covered the distance, twelve hundred kilometres, in 16 hours and 6 minutes, actual time. Perhaps it is not strange that there should be discordant notes in the acclaim which has arisen over the race. The French wheelmen's organ, the "Velo," joins with the serious-minded "Temps" in denouncing what it calls a subversion of sport, the question of scorching is to be brought up in the Chamber of Deputies, and unruly peasants are talking of shooting the racers who terrify their chickens and children. We are bound to say that the automobile chauffeur, dressed like a diver, black, infuriated and mute, awakens no picture of the elegance of sport in the minds of the people he plunges past. He is not agreeable to the eye, the ear or the sense of smell. But in this country he is not the nuisance he has become abroad. For this we have to thank our much-abused country road, which bumps him out on his head when he attempts to scorch. And serve him right.



WRECKED HOUSES

AT ALGOMA AND ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACK, AT NORTH FORK, ILLUSTRATING THE FORCE OF THE WATERS

REPAIRING THE TRACK AT KYLE

SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD AMONG THE RUINS AT ECKMAN

HUNTING FOR A NEW HOME

THE TRACK AT POWHATTAN

WORN-OUT RESCUERS SLEEPING

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS AT NORTH FORK

THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET AT BURKE

THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE COAL FIELDS OF THE ELKHORN RIVER VALLEY, WEST VIRGINIA

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE —(SEE PAGE 23)

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THE RUSSIAN SUGAR CONTROVERSY

By MILTON E. AILES, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

PUBLIC SHOULD READ THE DINGLEY ACT

IN A WESTERN CITY, not many years ago, there was a law firm the head of which was an able lawyer of long experience and great learning. He was justly noted for prudent conservatism. In this firm were several younger members whose youth and exuberance frequently led them into difficulties. Too often they assumed the facts of their cases and depended upon their memories for the law. Before going into court with their cases they made it a practice first to submit their points to the head of the firm to obtain his maturer advice and direction.

"These are the facts, and so and so is the law," said one of the younger members one day in presenting an important case.

"Have you examined the statute?" inquired the head of the firm.

"No, but you know this is the law."

"Well, young man," said the Judge, "let me give you a little advice of general tenor. By consulting the statutes themselves you will often save yourself lots of trouble."

So, if those who are interested in the Russian sugar bounty case will read the law as it is written, and examine the facts as they are admitted to be by counsel for the importers of Russian sugar, perhaps there may not be so much room for the misunderstanding which seems to exist in the public mind as to the merits of this controversy.

Section 5 of the act of July 24, 1897 (the Dingley Act), reads:

"That whenever any country, dependency or colony shall pay or bestow, directly or indirectly, any bounty or grant upon the exportation of any article or merchandise from such country, dependency, or colony, and such article or merchandise is dutiable under the provisions of this act, then upon the importation of any such article or merchandise into the United States, whether the same shall be imported directly from the country of production or otherwise, and whether such article or merchandise is imported in the same condition as when exported from the country of production, or has been changed in condition by re-manufacture or otherwise, there shall be levied and paid, in all such cases, in addition to the duties otherwise imposed by this act, an additional duty equal to the net amount of such bounty or grant however the same may be paid or bestowed. The net amount of all such bounties or grants shall be from time to time ascertained, determined, and declared by the Secretary of the Treasury, who shall make all needful regulations for the identification of such articles and merchandise and for the assessment and collection of such additional duties."

FACTS ABOUT EARTH'S SWEETEST THING

At the time of the passage of the Dingley Act it was a well-recognized fact that certain European countries encouraged the production of sugar by the payment of export bounties. Sugar in Europe is produced from the sugar beet, and this industry has grown to be an important one in most of the Continental countries.

Within the last decade, the United States, which are the world's largest buyers and consumers of sugar, had discovered that vast areas of land were suitable for the cultivation of beets. Our imports of sugar from abroad were so enormous as nearly to offset the value of our wheat exports. Unless countervailing duties were provided, any attempt to extend protection to the new industry of sugar beet raising, in accordance with the established policy of our government, would be defeated by foreign beet-producing countries through the payment of export bounties. Besides, the cane sugars of the South must not be forgotten. Hence the law is as it reads above, although the countervailing duty system is not confined to sugar, but extends to any article or merchandise upon which export bounties are paid, provided such articles or merchandise are dutiable upon importation here.

As soon as the act became a law, the Secretary of the Treasury, through the various agencies at his command, undertook to ascertain what dutiable articles were being imported upon which export bounties or grants were being paid. It was not until December 12, 1898, that additional duties on sugar imported from or the product of the following-named countries were directed to be collected: Argentine Republic, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Russia.

As to Russia, the following bounties were declared for the purpose of assessing additional duties: On sugar testing not less than 99 per cent per pood (36.113 pounds avoirdupois), .50 ruble. (1 ruble=51½ cents.) On sugar testing not less than 88 per cent per pood, .44 ruble. On sugar testing not less than 75 per cent per pood, .38 ruble.

It is not generally known that the world is indebted to the great Napoleon for the introduction and development of the sugar beet. Its propagation was a part of his scheme to make Continental Europe independent of the rest of the world. A scientific German, then residing in France, accidentally discovered this root growing on the banks of a stream in France and experimented with it until he became satisfied that its sugar contents could be made commercially valuable by development. He submitted the facts to Napoleon, who furnished him money and caused the matter to be thoroughly investigated. The saccharine strength of the sugar beet has by this process of development advanced from 4 or 5 per cent to in some cases 18 per cent. Its average now is about 13 per cent.

A COURTESY LED TO TROUBLE

Our total beet sugar imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, amounted to 1,865,000,000 pounds, valued at $33,688,000. Of this enormous import, Russia furnished a comparatively insignificant quantity—only 815,702 pounds, while for each of the years from 1891 to 1896 no beet sugar of Russian production had been brought to this country at all. The Dingley Tariff became effective about the beginning of the fiscal year 1898 (July 24, 1897), and during that year the total beet sugar imports fell to 140,639,000 pounds, of the value of $2,717,000. None of this sugar came from Russia, notwithstanding the countervailing rates were not imposed until December 12 of that year. No beet sugar came from Russia in the fiscal years 1899 or 1900. Russia did not resist the order of December 12, 1898, declaring the bounty, and no protest from any quarter was entered against it. In the spring of 1900, however, in order to facilitate the negotiations for a reciprocity treaty with Russia, the Secretary of the Treasury, at the request of the Department of State and upon the representation by Russian authorities that no bounty was paid by that country, suspended the order, so far as it related to Russia, for further investigation. The act of suspension was intended as a courtesy and it was not believed that any harm could follow, especially in view of the fact that Russian imports of sugar had not made their appearance except in the single year preceding the enactment of the Dingley law and then only in insignificant quantities. The reciprocity treaty under negotiation with Russia, based upon lines believed to be mutually advantageous to that country and this, was not concluded because of the known disinclination of the Senate to consider questions relating to reciprocity treaties.

By and by several cargoes of Russian sugar arrived in the United States, and this fact raised anew the question of whether or not Russia paid a bounty upon exported sugar. Russian authorities contended with great earnestness that no bounty was paid by that country. An agent of the Treasury Department was despatched to Europe with instructions to supplement the Department's efforts in other directions by a most searching investigation. As a result of his research and of many days' earnest study on the part of the Secretary and other officials, the following was determined to be a just interpretation of the Russian law and the regulations issued thereunder:

HOW THE RUSSIAN LAW WAS INTERPRETED

"1. The government establishes the maximum price of refined sugar in the domestic market.

"2. Estimating the demand for home consumption, it permits the refiners to put on the market, under a tax of 1.75, a certain limited quantity, well within the known home consumption, but provides that any excess put upon the home market shall be taxed at 3.50, or twice the regular tax (1.75).

"3. The interest of the individual refiner, then, lies in putting out all he can at a tax of 1.75 and none under the tax of 3.50.

"4. The inevitable result is an excess of stock in the hands of the refiners as a whole, and to get rid of this surplus it is exported. Now, a method exists by which refiner A can get the benefit of the failure of refiner B to supply the home market with his full quota. Home refiner A becomes willing to pay refiner B a certain reward if he will export a portion of his allotted quota and give A the official evidence of such exportation, which enables A to sell in the home market at a tax of 1.75 an equivalent portion of the sugar produced by him (A) in excess of his quota.

"5. The maximum prices fixed by the minister of finance are always practically reached by the trade, and are such as to give a very large profit to the producer, particularly in those provinces where, owing to a better economic condition of the population, the demand for sugar exceeds the local supply from the stock entitled to withdrawal for consumption at a single tax. The ability of the producers of sugar in certain regions to obtain higher prices than those obtained in other regions gives rise to the arrangement mentioned in paragraph 4.

"6. While it could not be directly inferred from the wording of the statute itself that the government, in arranging its system of sugar taxation, contemplated an encouragement to export, this object is clearly expressed in the instructions issued in pursuance of the statute by the minister of finance, wherein this arrangement is expressly declared to be made 'in order to facilitate the exportation of the surpluses to foreign countries.' (Title D, Art. II., secs. 39 and 40.) That it results in a bonus from *some source* to those who export sugar there can be no doubt."

DID RUSSIA REALLY PAY A BOUNTY?

More than ordinarily grave consequences were involved. The law imposed upon the Secretary of the Treasury the duty of deciding whether or not Russia paid a bounty. Urging that the Imperial Government did pay such a bounty were other beet-sugar producing countries of Europe, competitors of Russia in the world's market. Their contention was that the United States ought not to give Russia any advantage which that country evidently would possess in case it were held that it was not a bounty-paying country. The Russian authorities gave warning that a decision adverse to their contention would result in the imposition of maximum duties on products of the United States imported by Russia. In the United States the controversy was waged furiously. The agricultural sections interested in the raising of sugar beets earnestly supported the bounty-paying theory, while American manufacturers, alarmed at the possible consequences of a decision that Russia actually paid a bounty, vehemently urged the contrary. But under the law there was only one question for the Secretary of the Treasury to decide: Did Russia pay a bounty? Every agency available to the Treasury Department was utilized for obtaining the best information to be had. At first the Secretary of the Treasury believed that his jurisdiction over the question was exclusive. The subject being one of grave importance, in accordance with the usual custom he determined to ask legal advice of the Attorney-General. This course was informally entered upon, but before the Attorney-General had time to render his opinion, which still would only have been advisory, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision handed down February 8, 1901, in what is known as the Netherlands Sugar Bounty Case (Hills Brothers *vs.* United States), held that the United States Board of General Appraisers had jurisdiction of the very question. From the decision of the Board of General Appraisers there is, of course, an appeal to the courts. Here, then, was the opportunity for a judicial review of the question. It is plainly to be seen that if Secretary Gage had held that Russia did not pay a bounty, that would have ended the case, even though his decision might have been a grievous error. In that event, there would have been no one who would have had the power to take an appeal on behalf of the government. On the other hand, a decision that Russia did pay a bounty still left abundant opportunity for the dissatisfied importer of Russian sugar to protest, and by appeal to carry his case to the Board of General Appraisers, and then to the courts if he saw fit.

The reasoning of the Secretary of the Treasury, in coming to the conclusion that Russia pays a bounty, is given in his instructions on the subject:

SECRETARY GAGE ON THE SUBJECT

"The law is not declarative as to who shall determine the fact that a 'bounty or grant is paid or bestowed.'

"In the present case the facts are involved, and the conclusions to be drawn from them are correspondingly difficult. At the conference of delegates on the question of sugar bounties, held in Brussels in June, 1898, the Belgian and Austrian delegates contended that the Russian Government regulations resulted in an indirect bounty on exported sugar equal to the difference between the price (exclusive of excise tax) of sugar sold in that country for home consumption and the price of sugar sold for export.

"Russia, on the other hand, protests with great vigor that by no act of hers is any bounty or grant paid or bestowed on the exportation of sugar.

"It is represented that Russian sugar is sold for export at prices considerably below the cost of production, and this phenomenon appears to be in some degree due to the regulation of the sugar industry of that country by the Russian Government.

"Do the Russian Government regulations have such a bearing upon the facts of the case as to bring Russian sugar within the intent of said law as disclosed by its terms? While the question in its initiative lies with the administration of the Treasury Department, the question is of a judicial rather than of an administrative character, and its importance demands determination by a judicial tribunal. The Board of General Appraisers constitutes such a tribunal, and from its decisions appeal may be taken to the United States courts.

"As an administrative officer, it is my duty to determine questions of doubt in favor of the government, the more so that if I err in that direction the error can be readily corrected by a competent tribunal upon protest and appeal by those adversely affected, while if by my action the interests of the government are injuriously affected there is no remedy.

"In the present case there seems to be no other proper course than the one you are hereby instructed to pursue. It ought to bring the whole question promptly before a body constituted to hear and determine disputed questions of fact and of law.

"The jurisdiction of the Board of General Appraisers to determine similar questions has now been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of the United States *vs.* The Hills Brothers Company, decided February 8, 1901, unpublished; and if appeal be taken from my ruling to that body, it will be your duty to facilitate in every way a prompt and final adjudication of such appeal."

ILLUSTRATING THE WORKING OF THE LAW—

It may be well to say a word as to the method of computing the bounty. As shown by the report of our consul at Odessa, Russian sugar was sold during the year ended September 1, 1899, for home consumption (exclusive of excise tax) at 1.26 rubles per pood higher than for export. Assuming that the exporter transferred his right to the home seller at one-half of that difference, the bounty would be .63

ruble per pood (on the average). But the Department preferred to assume the minimum of .50 ruble per pood, which was the bounty declared in the original circular of 1898.

Opportunity for a review of the question was soon given by the arrival of a cargo of Russian sugar at Baltimore. Duties were paid under protest, and an appeal was taken to the Board of General Appraisers. Acting on the suggestion of Secretary Gage that the case receive early attention, the Board, on April 19 last, rendered its decision. It held, first, that the question whether a country pays or bestows a bounty or grant upon the exportation of any article or merchandise according to Section 5 of the Dingley Tariff, lies in its initiative with the Secretary of the Treasury. The Board also held that it seems that the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the amount of any such bounty or grant is conclusive and not reviewable by the Board or the courts. The Board defined a "bounty" to be "an advantage or benefit conferred upon or compensation paid to a person or class of persons, the burden of which is borne, directly or indirectly, by the public treasury." It was held that a "grant" implies the conferring by a sovereign power of some valuable privilege, franchise, or other right of like character, upon a corporation, person, or class of persons. "It involves the idea of a favor conferred by government, but does not necessarily embrace the act of appropriating money out of the public Treasury." The decision held further, that the Russian Government pays or bestows a bounty or grant upon the exportation of so-called "free sugar," so as to work a benefit or advantage to the exporter. General Appraiser Tichenor dissented, and, among other things, held that, the question being in doubt, the doubt should be resolved in favor of the importer.

Thus the Secretary of the Treasury was sustained by the United States Board of General Appraisers. The case is now before the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Maryland, on a petition for review, the importer having taken an appeal from the decision of the Board.

While the case has not had final judicial determination, and the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury as approved by the Board of General Appraisers may yet be overthrown by the courts, Russia has nevertheless carried into effect its warning that retaliatory measures would be adopted in the event of an adverse decision by the Executive branch of our government. The Secretary of the Treasury is an administrative officer. It is his duty to execute the law, otherwise the Constitution provides a punishment for him by impeachment. It is somewhat different in Russia, where legislative and executive powers are combined.

—ACCORDING TO RUSSIA

An order was issued by the Russian Minister of Finance to take effect March 9–22, with intent to apply the increased tariff on products manufactured in the United States of North America. Among other products affected are iron and steel wares, manufactured and in the rough, tools, machinery apparatus and models, gas and water motors, sewing machines, locomotives, steam velocipedes, etc., etc.

Secretary Gage held that Russia paid a bounty, only after long and exhaustive study, and then most reluctantly. It would no doubt have been pleasant for him to have held otherwise, owing to the cordial and friendly feeling which has always existed between this country and Russia; but thus the law is written, and as an administrative officer he had no discretion whatever. Mr. Gage has hoped for a speedy judicial determination which would end the controversy and which would be sufficiently convincing, should he be sustained, to induce Russia to restore the former status. It was therefore a matter of great surprise and keen regret that the Russian Minister of Finance should have issued a second retaliatory order.

This was done to take effect June 22, 1901, and was communicated to this government by Count Cassini as follows:

"The Federal Government having by a circular dated March 9, 1901, applied Article 626 of the American Tariff to Russian petroleum, the Imperial Government has just informed me that the Minister of Finance has taken the requisite steps for the application of the advanced rates of duty to the following American products entered into Russia:

"1. White resin or colophon, galipot, brewers' pitch.
"2. Bicycles."

The increases amount to 30 per cent on bicycles and to 20 per cent on resin.

The Treasury Department's order of March 9, to which exceptions were thus taken, was not in a proper sense any order at all. It was a letter to Collectors incidental to a decision of the Board of General Appraisers rendered months before any controversy with Russia. However, the Secretary of the Treasury has himself told of the petroleum decision, and his clear and concise statement speaks for itself:

THE PETROLEUM DECISION

"The Dingley Act, among other things, provides that if there be imported into the United States *crude petroleum*, or the products of crude petroleum, produced in any country which imposes a duty on petroleum or its products exported from the United States, there shall in such cases be levied, paid and collected a duty upon said crude petroleum or its products so imported equal to the duty imposed by such country.

"This provision was embodied in a circular issued to the officers of the customs dated April 21, 1898, to which was appended a schedule of 109 countries imposing a duty on petroleum and its products. These countries included France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Spain, and practically all of the leading countries of the world.

"This circular was issued for the purpose of carrying into effect the petroleum provision of the Dingley Tariff Act.

"No protests were received from any country, nor could they be reasonably expected, in view of the fact that the countries named had already in operation laws fixing a tariff duty on petroleum and its products.

"So far as known in the Treasury Department, no importations of petroleum had been received into the United States until June 18, 1900, when an invoice of refined petroleum was received at Rochester, New York, manufactured from crude petroleum produced in Russia. The Collector of Customs at Rochester held that the refined article was subject to duty as a production of Russia, and assessed duty accordingly.

"While the importation came from England, it was shown that the crude oil was produced in Russia. An appeal was taken from the action of the Collector to the Board of General Appraisers at New York. This Board, on January 28, 1901, sustained the Collector, holding that petroleum produced in Russia and imported into England, and there refined and thence sent to this country, was dutiable at a rate equal to that imposed by Russia on petroleum imported into that country from the United States.

"No protest or objection, so far as the Department knows, was received from any country against this decision, and the matter was not again brought to the attention of the government until March 9 of this year. On that date the Department, replying to inquiries from the Collector of Customs at New York, as to how he should ascertain the country of origin in the liquidation of duties on petroleum or its products arriving in this country, held that invoices of products of crude petroleum must be accompanied by a United States consular certificate showing the country where the petroleum was produced.

"In the absence of this certificate the liquidation was to be suspended, and pending further information the rate of duties must be estimated at the highest rate levied by any country on such petroleum.

"Further than this the Department has never taken any action whatever on the subject of petroleum, and even in these instances, it will be observed, the rules laid down apply equally and without discrimination to 109 countries of the world.

"Upon this statement of facts the officials are at a great loss to understand how Russia can feel aggrieved at the government's action and inaugurate a system of discriminating duties against products of the United States in consequence."

THE VALUE OF OUR RUSSIAN COMMERCE

The value of our commerce with Russia is about $18,000,000 a year; that is, our exports to Russia may be placed at about $10,500,000, and our imports from Russia at about $7,500,000. It has not been possible, owing to a difference in classification, to determine accurately what is the value of the articles affected by the first retaliatory order, but the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics has estimated the aggregate to be about half a million dollars. Cotton constitutes about 87 per cent of our exports to Russia. The articles affected by the second retaliatory order are bicycles and resin. For the six months ended December 31, 1900, the value of our exports of bicycles to Russia was $19,148, and for the same period our exports of resin amounted to 10,008 barrels of the value of $15,291. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, the value of bicycles exported to Russia was $74,135, and of resin there was exported 134,730 barrels, valued at $220,475.

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VACATION DAYS AT THE SUMMER RESORTS

THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY

THE BOARD WALK, ATLANTIC CITY

THE SITUATION IN DOLLARS AND CENTS

HOTEL PROPRIETORS at the seaside resorts, and farmers' wives who rent rooms to city folk in the mountains and at the spas, assert that there is no money in the "summer boarder" business. These assertions are made probably from force of habit, or in a rainy day mood; for the wail of the Boniface and the boarding-house keeper does not correspond with the figures in the case. The reports of railroad passenger agents, who annually impose upon their clerks the task of gathering statistics of summer travel, show that at least one million persons in this country spend their vacations and their vacation money at the Eastern resorts. The average expenditure per head is only one hundred dollars, to be sure, but the total is proof that in the summer boarder business there is, literally, millions. Certainly the cash changes pockets—and out of the pockets of the many it goes into the pockets of the few; and just as certainly the majority of the few is made up of hotel and boarding-house keepers.

Take Atlantic City, for example, which of all the coast resorts attracts not only the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow pilgrim, but the larger number of so-called permanent visitors—that is, hotel guests who remain one or two weeks or a month. Here the winter population of thirty thousand is increased in summer to one hundred and fifty thousand. It may be assumed that the entire representation changes every two weeks, or at least four times during the season, making for the months of July and August six hundred thousand visitors, a pleasure-seeking host, paving its path with greenbacks. The same may be said of Asbury Park, though here the greatest crowds are made up of excursionists who come only for the day. At Saratoga, Long Branch, and Narragansett none can dispute that many hundreds of thousands of dollars change hands every season. Now if, as the hotel and boarding-house people assert, there is nothing in the business for them, why do we find them every summer at the same old stands? You can read the answer in their ledgers and bank-books. An old resorter declares that the net receipts for a single day at the largest hotel in Saratoga sometimes amount to five thousand dollars, and that the profit, above expenses of course, for the season of three months, has reached as high as one hundred thousand dollars.

THE GREENHORN AT ATLANTIC CITY

A person making the round of the resorts for the first time would be impressed with the superficial somewhat as follows: At Atlantic City—a crowded railroad station and platform; a string of at least fifty signs overhead, each bearing the name of a different hotel, and under each sign a bus. He selects one of the buses at random. Every inside seat is taken, but the driver tells him, confidentially, that most folk like the seat on top. So he climbs up beside the driver, and all the stages start at the same time, forming a procession in funeral order, half a mile long. "But where's the Atlantic?" he asks. "This place seems all city."

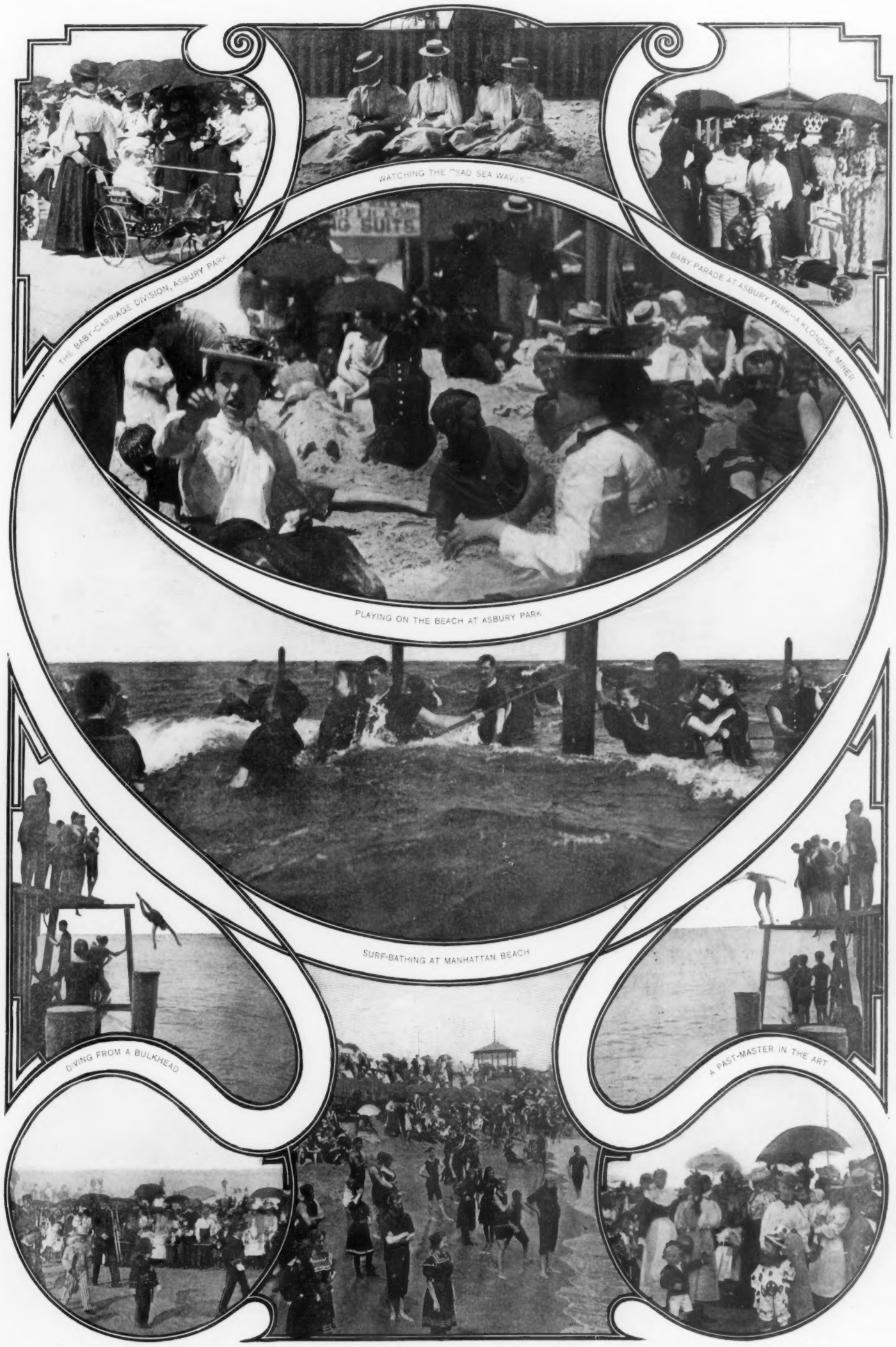
SURF BATHING AT LONG BRANCH

"Can't conduct the whole show on the beach," says the driver. "There's enough visitors in this city at this minute to make a hundred regiments—providing you counted women along with the men. To accommodate 'em we've got fifty big hotels on the beach, and four hundred smaller ones back of the beach, and five hundred boarding-houses and a thousand cottages."

When the visitor reaches the board walk, he perceives that Atlantic City is like the pedler's box of strawberries—the board walk is the top, and here all that is best is displayed. Here are two streams of humanity flowing up and down—everybody, from the veteran resorter and the professional beauty, to whole brigades of colored waiters and chambermaids. "Finest board walk on the coast," declares one of the promenaders. "Four miles long—hundred feet wide—yet on Fourth of July and on Labor Day the walk is so crowded that the whole line has to walk in lock step."

WALL STREET BY THE SEA

The board walk is all the work of man on one side, all Nature on the other; a continuous string of shops and hotels on the left, the beach and the sea on the right. On the Broadway side, as the side marred by man may be called, are ten-cent stores and auction rooms, where the auctioneer shouts at the top of his voice to empty chairs, and all kinds of "attractions," from the biggest of merry-go-rounds in the centre of a candy store, to the smallest of human beings in a midget show. Between the scenic grottoes and the gypsy encampment is the Wall Street, as it were, of Atlantic City. Here a number of signs announce: "Bankers and Brokers." Within these offices stock exchange transactions are received in less than a minute after the deals are made "on the floor" in Wall Street. Here men—and women—can keep up with the mar-



"DOWN BY THE SUMMER SEA"

A GLIMPSE OF SARATOGA LAKE

ket, just as if they were in New York, with the added advantage of being able to take a dip in the sea while stocks make one richer or poorer.

And here is the Casino—where is the resort that has not a Casino? This particular Casino is not a reservation for subscribers only, as at Newport, nor a high-priced dining room, as at Narragansett, nor a restricted club-house, as at Tuxedo and Lenox. This Casino is for anybody who wishes to spend fifty cents for a swim in a salt water pool, a meet-me-at-the-pool place for both sexes. For the tired and the lame and the lazy the walk abounds in wheel-chairs, in which one may be rolled where whim dictates, price forty cents an hour, with a robust negro doing the pushing. The programme of events at Atlantic City does not include an infant parade, but a parade of perambulators for adults is a perennial feature.

The board walk runs not only along the sea front, but it may be said to go to sea, in the form of piers. The largest and longest of these piers is a Coney Island and a Rockaway in itself. A band plays here three times a day, and here is a theatre, a circus, a lion-taming show, and on the outer end, half a mile at sea, a novelty in the form of a loop-the-loop railroad—a thing of terror to whosoever is of a nervous temperament. This railway is new this year, and is an elaboration of the ordinary chute. A car is carried to the top of an incline. Then, on another track, it shoots down, and, by means of the velocity thus gained, "loops the loop"; that is, it swings round the inside rim of a large vertical circle. When the car, which has no roof, is at the upper edge of the circle, the passengers, for the space of a second or two, ride head downward, speed nullifying gravitation. The principle is the same as that of swinging a pail of water in a circle—swing it fast enough and you'll not spill a drop. So with the car; it swings round the loop so quickly that a passenger cannot fall out even if he tries to.

A RESORT FOR LOVERS OF HORSE FLESH

The stranger proceeds now up the Jersey coast to Long Branch, and is surprised at the marked change. He had supposed that one seaside resort was very much like all the others. But he finds that each is of a different character. Life in Atlantic City is all afoot, on the board walk. At Long Branch, life is principally on or behind a horse, all riding and driving. Long Branch has its board walk, to be sure, but the difference between it and the one at Atlantic City is a matter of length and breadth and popularity, all in favor of the resort to the south. In short, while Long Branch has its daily influx of excursionists who come by the fifty-cents-the-round-trip steamboats, the place is after all very much more of a "class" resort than Atlantic City. By tradition, Long Branch is the summer headquarters of devotees of the horse, the sporting, the money-spending element, while the cottage-holders represent the wealth of the old school and fashion of to-day.

At the "Show Hour," five o'clock, everybody who owns or who can hire horses and a carriage joins the parade on Ocean Avenue. Here is Vanity Fair on wheels—in every kind of vehicle, from the dashing coach and four, to a donkey go-cart. A well-known actress this season is trying to set the fashion as to color. She appears, daily, dressed in white, riding in a white basket phaeton drawn by two milk-white ponies, with harness to match.

Ocean Avenue runs along the bluff above the sea, north through the lesser resorts to Navesink—south through Elberon, where Garfield died, and through many such resorts to Asbury Park; all the smaller places being connected by a chain of villas, where maidens languish all the week, while looking forward to the coming of father on Saturday night, and to the hops at the Long Branch hotels on the same evening. During the season they dutifully make the pilgrimage to Asbury Park to see the annual Baby Parade, to shake hands with Founder Bradley (whose "Rules for Moral Conduct" have become so well known to the patrons of his resort that they are no longer posted in conspicuous places), and to watch the professional "Sandman," who receives a salary from Bradley to draw marvellous pictures in the sand for the benefit of the children.

Some of the Bradley rules, which are still the unwritten law of Asbury, read: "Respectable persons do not stay on the beach after ten o'clock." "Immoral attitudes on the part of bathers should not be countenanced by those old enough to know better." "Bathing suits are for the water, not for the sand; they are to bathe in, not to lounge in." "After bathing, a lady will take the shortest route to her bath-house."

CONVENTIONS AT SARATOGA

Asbury Park and Saratoga are favorite places for conventions. Meeting thus at a popular resort, delegates are enabled to combine pleasure with business—and to take their wives. The big auditorium at Asbury seats two thousand, and Convention Hall at Saratoga, though of smaller capacity, is more imposing as an edifice. Here the Master Mechanics and Master Car Builders Associations held their annual conventions in the latter part of June. They brought their families with them, and took possession, not only of Convention Hall, but of the Grand Union Hotel in its entirety. In the huge court of this hospitable inn, the car builders put up booths and sheds, filled these with all kinds of machinery, even the heaviest, and showed one another how to build cars. In a social way they turned Saratoga into one great merry-go-round, and their pranks by day and footprints by night could be traced all the way from the race track to Broadway for days after their departure.

But let us follow an imaginary visitor—this time a young woman—in her individual impressions of this Baden Baden of America. A woman's paradise it is, a place for gowns and gallantry, fun and finery. She is sure to run across acquaintances, for here, in season, are all sorts and conditions of people from many sections of the country. As she enters the imposing lobby of the great hotel begun by A. T. Stewart and finished by the first of the Lelands, she runs into the arms of

NEWPORT, FROM THE HARBOR

the Colonel and his wife from old Kentuck'! What an enormous hotel—one of the largest in the country. She has to walk the distance of at least three city blocks to her room. Fifteen hundred people have often slept in this building at one time without crowding.

In her hand-painted frock she sweeps through the parlors, with her friends, to the dining-room. Here over a thousand persons can dine in state—not merely eat—at the same hour, without confusion or hurry.

For her benefit, the Colonel's wife points out the celebrities—Senators, diplomats, bankers, a railroad magnate, a great publisher, a number of mere millionnaires, a prima donna, several well-known actresses, New York clubmen, Slosson the billiardist, and Kid McCoy, the pugilist.

NO PLACE FOR ONE WHO MUST COUNT PENNIES

"Cosmopolitan, but you can choose your own company," says the chaperone. "Kid McCoy, for instance, has opened a road house at Saratoga Lake—and folk go there just for novelty's sake. Saratoga is fabulously wealthy and it's fast—as you shall see. I know one man who goes to the city every day, just as if he were no further away than Long Branch. The railroad runs a train that gives him breakfast on the way down and gets him in Wall Street at eleven o'clock. Another flyer gets him back here to dinner. There are a great many Southerners here, but not as many as in past years. In the old days Southerners came here with their chariots and horses, and conducted themselves like nobles of the old world.

At the Spa, life is made of beauty and sweet sounds from the very moment one wakes up—as the Kentucky maid discovers next morning when the Colonel and his wife, before breakfast, drag her across the road to Congress Spring. Even at this early hour, in the prettiest of parks, a band is playing and hundreds of people are sitting at little tables in the pavilions drinking the medicinal water. It is here that Saratoga resembles Baden Baden—for this is a reproduction on a small scale of the scene in the famous Trinkhalle at the German spa. Five cents is the admission price—this pays for the music. All the mineral water you want is served free.

In the afternoon the Colonel's wife takes her young friend for a drive in the Colonel's own victoria—which has been duly hauled from Kentucky on a freight car, just as many a habitual Saratogan moves his entire stable up from New

ENTRANCE TO CONGRESS SPRING PARK, SARATOGA

York or Philadelphia. They drive out to Saratoga Lake and visit half a dozen road houses—drive around the park surrounding Judge Hilton's mansion, now the residence of his son-in-law, Judge Russell, and around Spencer Trask's château—all of which is a somewhat stupid pastime.

GOWNS AND GAMING TABLES

A whole week the Kentucky girl goes the Saratoga pace, including a visit to the Saratoga Club. A table was engaged three days ahead, in order that they might sit where the ladies could look into the gambling hall—for only men are allowed at the tables. Any well-dressed man, of seeming respectability, can come in and play. As in Monte Carlo, however, natives of the town, no matter how well-to-do, are not allowed to risk their money.

The scene that meets our friend's eye is as brilliant as a fashionable social gathering in Saratoga ought to be, and as quiet as a progressive euchre party. She had expected to see wild-eyed young men tearing their hair and trying to shoot themselves—but instead, as she looks into the gambling hall from her seat in the dining room, she beholds groups of silent men gathered around various tables, smoking, and apparently not at all bothered by the money at stake. The dining-room is finished in green, mirrors on the walls, shaded lights, everything to make a perfect setting for gowns. Here women wear their very best and latest frocks, to be seen and to see. Thus they dawdle over champagne and chicken till three o'clock A.M. Here is the grande dame from New Orleans, the society belle from New York, and the most famous beauty of the demi monde—all here with their diamonds on their necks and their dollars on the gaming tables in yonder room, the money being placed for them by the men. The games are confined to roulette and faro. A few years ago the powers closed this and all other shady houses. Then the money-spending element fell off fifty per cent. The big hotels were half empty. The liverymen had to go out of business. The tradesmen closed their shops. The natives, in shutting up the wicked places, had cut off their sources of livelihood.

EYES OF THE WORLD ON THIS ISLAND CITY

The butterfly of fashion flits now to Newport, where the life is not at all like that at any other resort. Here society is constantly on dress parade, here people live in mansions called cottages, and hotels are in the minority. Every amusement has its proper place and time. The superb golf club and links are patronized in the morning, bathing at Bailey's ultra-exclusive, fenced in beach at noontime, a sail in one's own steam yacht or sailing craft after luncheon, autoing and driving up and down Bellevue Avenue in the late afternoon, dinner at the Casino at eight, and everybody's name in newspapers all over the country next morning, giving details of all the functions of the past day.

Newport is the millionnaire's playground, the aggregate of the wealth of the summer colonists amounting to over a billion dollars. Thus, in July and August, Newport is the richest town in America. Six hundred thousand dollars is spent in the town itself, among the tradespeople, during the season, and the town has more banks than any other place of its size in New England. Not more than a thousand persons make up the personnel of this stately colony—and two thousand servants. A small boy recently summed up Newport in these words: "They eat ice-cream three times a day."

"PURGATORY," NEWPORT

ALONG THE BEACH, NEWPORT

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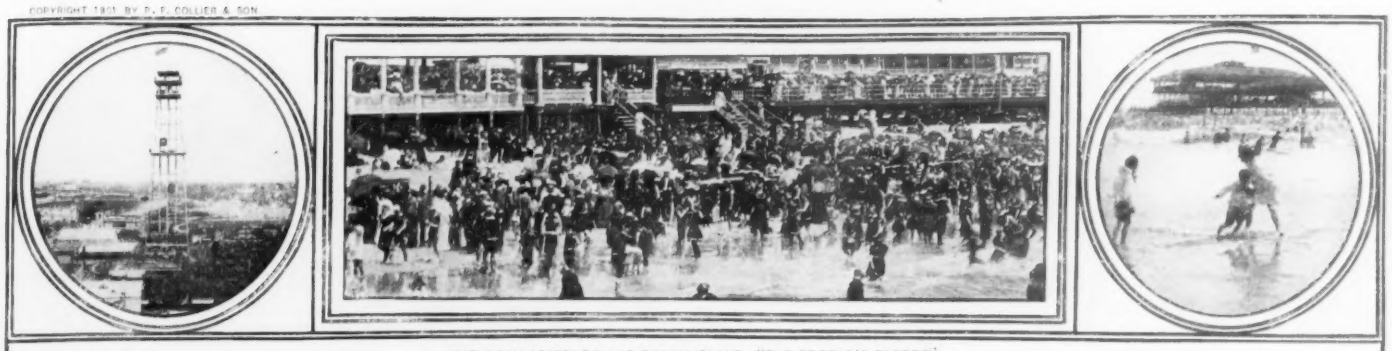


SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT CONEY ISLAND—"THE PEOPLE'S RESORT"

"DOWN BY THE SUMMER SEA"

By HENRY WILTON THOMAS, Author of "The Last Lady of Mulberry," Etc., Etc.

TO BEHOLD a spectacle that would have dimmed the storied splendors of Sardanapalus and Nero, and all the other imperial showmen, you have only to approach Coney Island by water at night. When the smart-going steamboat, weighed low with her cargo of fun-seekers, has plowed a foaming furrow through the Narrows and is beginning to cleave the Lower Bay, the pilot lays his course for a certain jewel that is discerned far in the eastern distance, sparkling white and fantastic on the waves. The jewel is the most wonderful of all the world's playgrounds by the sea.

As the craft draws nearer, the glitter expands in power and volume and makes itself into clusters of variant color, into twinkling shafts that point high in the firmament and moving wreaths of sapphire, ruby and emerald. At length, distance lending no more to the enchantment, and the deckhands making ready their bowlines, you perceive that the ocean gem is composed of a million electric lights. Out of the riot of illumination comes the murmur of two hundred thousand human beings.

From the steamboat landing to the terra-firma of the island there is a journey afoot on a wide pier, which reaches far beyond the breakers, and is swept ceaselessly by the salt airs. A vociferous welcome is accorded the arriving visitors by lines of lady and gentleman "barkers," who by all the arts of their trade seek to lighten your burden of small change. If not hardened by repeated experience, before reaching the landward end of the pier you are likely to have had your picture taken in one minute for a nickel, tested your power of punching, gripping, kicking, scratching and blowing by means of machines made for the purpose, or had your name engraved on something by an Italian with the face of Cardinal Richelieu.

THE CARNIVAL OF PLEASURE

Most people are not proof against the allurements of the "motor life pictures," whose placards promise views of a startling character. You drop a copper in the slot, put your eyes to the lenses, turn the crank, and behold—President McKinley actually walking on his lawn at Canton, mopping his brow. The shock of this startling disclosure survived, you slip in another cent, turn again at a different machine, and lo!—the King of England, in his ardent princehood, detected in the act of patting a poodle dog's shaggy head!

The breakers are pounding beneath your feet, the cries and little shouts that bespeak the frolics of bathers come from below, and, standing at the rail, you turn with redoubled interest to the living pictures in the water. They move in the strong white glare of arc lights, and blooming nymphs, though plenty on the sand and in the foam, have an ashen tone that would never charm the brush of Bouguereau. It is too late for the tints of surf bathing; they faded two hours ago, along with the warm tints of the sunset.

The carnival of pleasure is in full movement. Leaving the pier, you are sensible of voices everywhere—in the upper air, on the earth, and in the waters that beat upon the earth. Colossal wheels that seem to graze the stars are revolving, instinct with human sounds. From their spokes hang aerial chariots filled with men and women, who, from their dizzy altitude, catch an eagle's view of the multitude that covers the land. A half-hour has passed, and the population has increased twenty thousand.

WAR ON THE FILIPINOS

You are hailed with a familiar nod by a gentleman in a red shirt, who holds three baseballs in his broad palm and requests you to knock down a Filipino. At the end of his gallery is a painted background showing the battle of Manila, with Dewey, a gigantic figure, on one of the ships. In front of this stand three lines of Filipino warriors ranged one above the other. Phenomenal types of the Tagal are they, with their black faces and hair of crimson, white, green, yellow or blue. The hawker takes you into his confidence as you pause to admire.

"I'll give you a cane, my boy," he says, "if you knock down one."

In his hand is a handsome walking-stick with a head of oxidized silver. It costs five cents for three balls. An easy matter, you tell yourself. It is like finding a good cane. How can you miss hitting one or more Filipinos when they stand in such close battle-line? Three balls are sent, one after the other, but there is no breach in those rows of wondrous heads. Three more balls are fired, but the warriors are all still right side up and grinning. Philosophically you reflect that you have been unjust in your criticism of the Administration for not making short work of the Philippine insurrection. At the same moment an inspiration comes to you. Now you know a way to knock down Filipinos. You have only to aim at something else, say the turret of one of the ships. This you do straightway, and down falls a green-headed warrior, then another, and a third. Filled with pity for the poor man in the red shirt, who seems a decent fellow after all, you decide that you will take only one silver-headed cane, for he may have a large family to support. You are about to make the magnanimous avowal when he offers you a stick with red, white and blue paper wrapped round it—a small barber's pole.

"There's three canes or three cigars comin' to you," he says blithely, while keeping a tight grip on the silver-headed one.

FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS

Amid the hubbub all about them the gypsy queens serenely hold their court, telling the fortunes of solemn-faced women who have crossed their palms with silver. Other readers of the future—astrologers, palmists, and clairvoyants—do a thriving trade; for nowhere else, experienced patrons agree, can a brighter future be obtained for the money.

"Everybody goes to see her, recollect! The wonder of the entire world. A nickel, half a dime, five cents is all you require!" The hawker points to a large tank under a shed. A girl enters, and, peeping over the top of the vessel, beholds in the bottom a small object the color of a roast chicken and about the same size. The thing has two heads and looks as though it were saying with both mouths, "Observe, statistics prove that a gull is born every minute." The girl insists that they promised her a live mermaid, and wants her money back, but the showman explains that the two-headed one was alive once, but in captivity she died of starvation and worry. And it happened in the Bay of Manila while Dewey was demolishing the Montijo fleet!

The name of Dewey is still one that Coney's dime-trappers love to conjure with. It greets you at every hand. A boat shoots down the watery chute, and amid a cloud of spray stops short in the pool. Upon the blue stern, flaming in gilt, is the talismanic word—"Dewey." New passengers are taken aboard, the band plays "Here Comes a Sailor," and the wheeled ship begins to climb the steep hill. There is assurance in the click of the cleated chain beneath the bottom, for it proclaims that something has a tight hold on the craft, and that she will not leave the track until her pilot is ready to let her go. Rounding the curve at the brow of the hill, there is a glimpse of the sea, and the next moment the down grade has begun and the rapids sparkle just ahead. A headlong rush, a resounding smack on the face of the pool, an upward burst of spray, and the good ship *Dewey* has again shot the chutes without breaking her own neck or the necks of her passengers.

ART AND NATURE IN WHIRLIGIG

But there is a new device for risking the neck that has recently come into popularity and thrown its rivals into the shade. It is called "Loop the Loop." A car loaded with people is precipitated down a steep track so that it gathers momentum sufficient to carry it round a spiral turn that is vertical to the horizon. In other words, the people in the car are turned upside down, but they come out of the ordeal laughing, and usually none the worse, and eager for a second experience. Only one person, so far as I know, is said to have sustained fatal injuries in this jolly contrivance.

Those who enjoy being whirled through dark caverns inhabited by dragons breathing fire, skeletons dancing fandangoes, and other monsters seen only in nightmares, meet their heart's full desire in a trip on the "scenic railway" or a journey into "Dante's Inferno." There is a rock toboggan slide that affords the rider every sensation of the real thing save frozen toes or chilblains. The perennial merry-go-round has its hosts of joyous patrons, young and old. The choice of mounts includes the whole zoological kingdom—bucking goats and bronchos, mastodon rabbits, liliputian elephants, lions, tigers, roosters, ostriches, camels, bulls, giraffes, zebras, sea-horses, and bejewelled Arabian steeds. They are made of wood, and therefore never balk or run away. They move at a delightfully uniform pace, keeping time to the music, which goes when they go and stops when their drivers have had five cents' worth of fun. But there is no risking of the neck here, and some of the patronage is drifting to certain merry-go-rounds that have recently come into vogue. These are composed of live horses that actually run with their own legs, balk a little and add the zest of an occasional shying. Yet they are well-behaved beasts as a rule, though they give their inexperienced riders a jouncing that must leave them with lasting souvenirs of Coney Island.

We drift with the human tide into the Bowery! Who has not heard of this astonishing plaisance? The name is not too aptly chosen, for in the real Bowery there is much that belongs to the under-world, to the hidden life of the metropolis. But here is childlike candor. The proscenium, with their moving, singing semicircles of airily draped amazons and sylphs never lower a curtain to veil their secrets. As free as the noonday sun are these spectacles, and often as dazzling. Doors and windows stand wide open, and he who does not wish to enter the auditorium may remain without and look. Here in splendid profusion will he behold the tints of surf-bathing that faded with the sunset.

THE EAST SIDE'S MECCA

There is a burst of negro melody—the plantation drone which only our colored friends are able to interpret with truth. It is one of the outworn "coon songs" that have plagued the ear ever since you came within sound of the shore. But it rings now with a new voice—a richer interpretation. You turn and behold the powerful fountain of melody: Another semicircle of amazons and sylphs, but one that runs the scale of color tone from ebony to white pine. Their teeth and stage jewels glisten together, and their dusky shoulders are nacreous in the arc light. Here is a task for the sweltering weeks. Singing, dancing, laughing, skylarking, playing the happy-go-lucky children of Ethiopia all day and far into the night! This show, like all the others in the Bowery that have stage performances, is admission free; but the waiters are devoted, and the drink ordered is usually beer, served with a high-standing "collar." Thus, these concert halls—some of them large and well-appointed—are mere machines for selling beer. The same is true of the dancing pavilions which abound in the region. They are the Meccas of the "Chimmies" and "Mamies" of New York's great East Side. The formality of introduction is easily dispensed with here when a partner is desired for the waltz. "If a goyul ain't out teh dance, what's she doin' dhere, anyway?" It is the unanswerable logic of these bright arcades, with their columns of Corinth and their gilded symbols of Terpsichore.

Out of the hubbub you pass to a part of the main thoroughfare, beyond the zone of the catchpenny shows, where there is a semblance of quiet. Only a few strollers are met here—usually couples too much interested in themselves to care for the high carnival they have left behind.

THE SEA HEARD AT LAST

In a clump of willows whose sigh is just audible stands a live cow, placidly chewing her cud. She is one of the animals that supply the milk for the cow with the brass faucets. Half a mile away, down the broad avenue, which grows darker and quieter as you advance, rise the turrets and peaked roofs of Sea Gate—a syndicate city of summer homes, walled in from the plebeian crowd. A new roar beats upon the ear. It is the roar of the sea, hitherto drowned by the hurly-burly you have deserted. The scent of the sea is in the air, and sand-dunes tufted with salt grass show in the light of the moon, which has come out from the mist at last. A bell-buoy, out where the "wild white horses play," tinkles its poetic message.

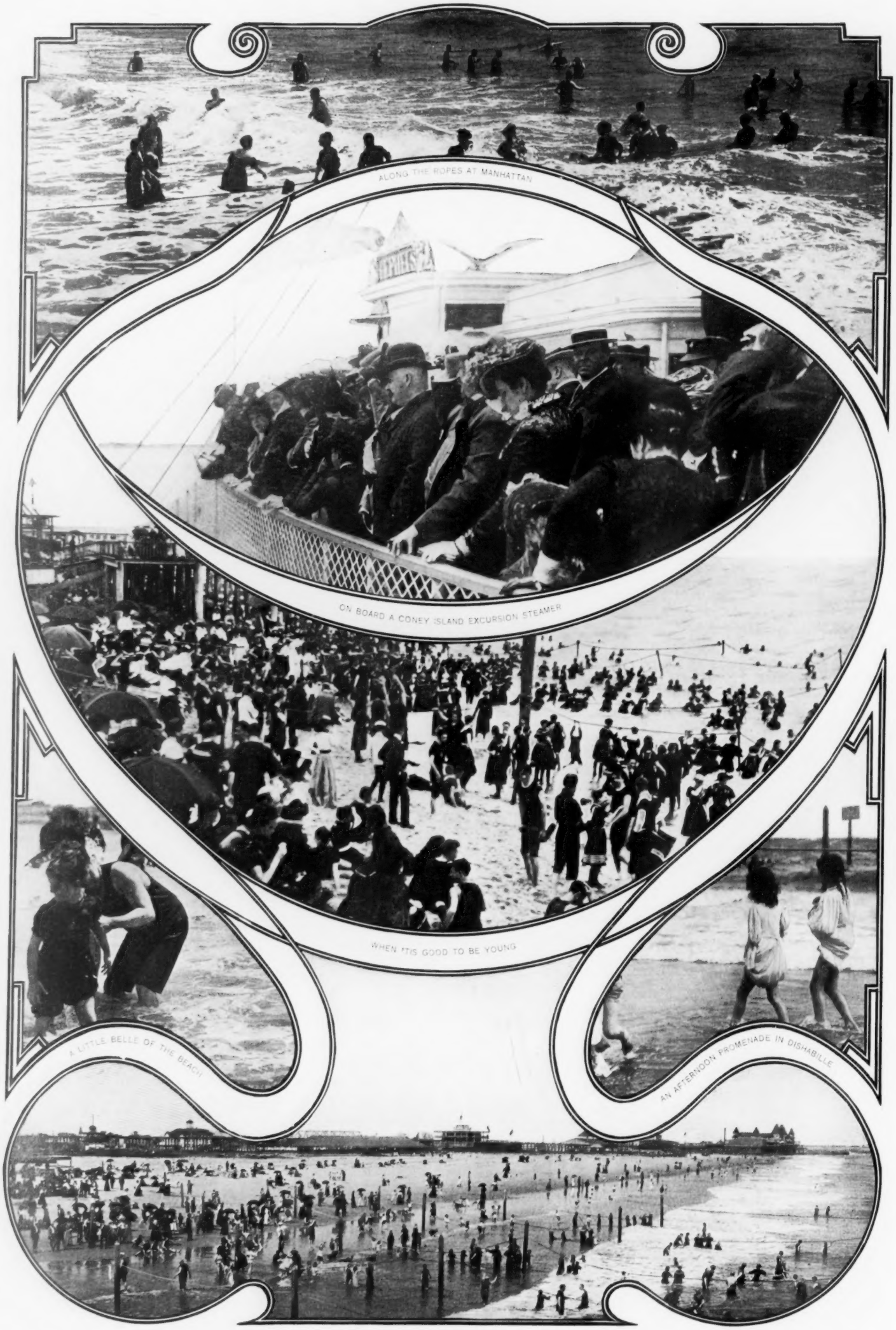
Sea Gate lies at the extreme west end of the island, but before it was built the course of fashion had always taken its way eastward, culminating in the Oriental Hotel, at the extreme east end. Journeying thitherward, a trolley car carries you once more through the hullabaloo of West Brighton, and, threading pleasant country roads and quaint village streets, sets you down within a short walk of the Brighton Beach Hotel. At one time, when Coney Island was just finding itself as a great seaside resort, this hotel was frequented by modish people, but it has been long superseded by the hotels further east and has become what the French might call a *paradis des bourgeois*. Amusements cost more here, and the sausage man is not in evidence; yet the people are not strikingly distinct from those who scatter nickels and dimes for the delight of hurling themselves down steep grades or "swatting" Filipinos.

FAME AND FASHION'S HAUNT

Better gowned the women and quieter the men who make up the company at Manhattan Beach. These are for the most part people from town who have come to dine and sit on the broad veranda swept by the ocean's breath, to attend the comic opera performance, or to see the fireworks. The Manhattan is a meeting-place for well-known folk from all parts of the Union, and distinguished foreigners are often seen. They are people who, for one reason or another, are in New York during the heated weeks, and come to the beach nightly. Many, also, have rooms in the hotel and go to town daily, but the vast concourse has but a small proportion of these.

The best time to see the Manhattan is during the hours of dinner. Then the many acres of dining-room and a good part of the veranda are filled with people busily nourishing themselves, while several orchestras spread music in the air, and the waiters are sprinting up and down the aisles loaded with dishes. Before the diners have risen a steady stream of people begins to pour past the windows and trot over one corner of the veranda. They are on the way to the fireworks show. This year it represents, among other features, the attack of the allied armies on Tien-tsin. It is a truly wonderful effect, attained with costumes, daring pyrotechnic display and a profuse employment of blank cartridges.

Monastic calm and cold exclusiveness rule the days and nights at the Oriental Hotel. People who love the sea for its majestic beauty and refreshing airs here find their Hesperides. The din at West Brighton might be on another planet. There are no shows here. Nothing more spectacular occurs than the performance of the gardener with a sprinkling hose or the high and lofty ladder-climbing of the gray-haired lamplighter. But Neptune seems not to love the Oriental. Ever since it sprang from his strand he has sought to destroy it. Great fortresses of bulwarks have been erected against his onslaughts. Time and again they have been carried, but the ones that stand now seem a guard that will not surrender.



"NEW YORK'S BIGGEST SWIMMING POOL" AT CONEY ISLAND

"DOWN BY THE SUMMER SEA"

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CELEBRITIES IN HADES

By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat," Etc., Etc.

I AM INCLINED to think it came about in this wise. For the last few weeks I have been house-hunting, my desire being toward a literary and artistic neighborhood. I dreamt I was in my study when the housemaid entered with a card, saying, "A gentleman to see you, sir." The girl's manner was peculiar. She appeared excited and nervous; she held the tray at arms-length with her nose turned away from it. I noticed myself a curious odor in the room.

I hate gentlemen who come with cards. The friends I want to see burst into the room with, "All right, old fellow, don't disturb yourself; I only just looked in to tell you—" and thereupon they sit down and talk for an hour or so, which gives me perfect excuse for not doing any more work that morning.

"What sort of a gentleman?" I asked, frowning for her to shut the door.

The girl gave a toss of her head, suggesting to me the idea that she was glad my acquaintances were not hers.

"I haven't asked him into the drawing-room, sir," she explained.

That and her tone conveyed sufficient information. I made the exclamation customary under the circumstances, and passing her, proceeded to the front door.

He was the sort of young man one calls "gentlemanly," yet instinctively I glanced round the hall. Nothing, however, so far as I could notice, was missing. He raised his hat.

"Mr. Jerome, I believe?" he said.

There appeared to be no immediate object in denying the fact; I admitted it. I wish now that I had not.

"Our firm," he said, "have heard you are on the lookout for a residence in a neighborhood where you will be sure of meeting with artistic people."

I bowed agreement.

"Our firm," he continued, "are at the present moment developing an estate that should meet your requirements. We call it 'New Bohemia.'"

I implied that I had never heard of it.

"Not under that name, perhaps," he answered. "We have lately changed it. If you have a few minutes to spare and can accompany me—it really is not far."

He slipped his arm in mine. I did not notice the direction we took. It was a most remarkable journey. Our conveyance, so far as I can recall it, appeared to be some sort of a motor car, propelled by an earthquake or else a volcano. I cannot remember precisely which, but the smell was most unpleasant. He had not, however, deceived me about the distance. We could not have been more than a few seconds on the road.

"A cosey little place," remarked my guide with a grin. His manner had suddenly changed, his attitude toward me was no longer one of deference. He was still polite, but it was rather the blood-curdling politeness of a head-master to the new boy whom he is showing round. I began to wish I had not come with him.

"I am afraid," I observed, "I am really afraid that the air here will not suit me. I find it absolutely necessary for my work that the—"

He laughed and laid his hand familiarly upon my shoulder.

"Give yourself no alarm," he said, "on that score. I personally guarantee that you will work harder here than you have ever worked before in your life. Come, I will show you some of your future neighbors. You will observe that they contrive to be fairly busy."

His voice had become that of authority, and I followed.

The first person that we came across was a lady dressed for travelling. She looked young, but as she wore a thick veil I could not see her face. She was surrounded by luggage, and appeared to be waiting for a cab. On the label attached to one of her boxes I noticed the name "Elisabeth," and underneath, "Passenger to ——." The surname and the place of destination were invisible owing to a fold in the parchment.

"Dear me," I said, "not ——?"

"The same," he answered.

"About to start on another visit?"

"She is making a round of visits," replied my guide, "this time to quite decent people."

"Poor girl," I said. "She'll find it rather slow, won't she?"

"I'm inclined to think she will," he agreed, rather unfeelingly it seemed to me.

"Perhaps I had better explain to you," he added; "our system here is complete change of occupation."

"Your system!" I exclaimed. "You gave me to understand this was a residential neighborhood."

"Precisely," he answered. "But certain rules and regulations are attached to the privilege of residence. You will find everybody here engaged in doing exactly what is most distasteful to them; we consider it good for their health."

I noticed a gentleman in the costume of a high Church dignitary—while opposite to him at the same table sat a brother ecclesiastic. From a copy of the "Methodist Times" sticking out of his pocket I judged him to belong to that persuasion. Both reverend gentlemen were occupied writing on a slate. They were not writing quickly; they appeared to find their task one of extreme difficulty. Between them lay a small black volume. Every now and again one or the other of them would refer to it, but they seemed to be unable to find in it what they required.

A LITERARY GENT HARD AT WORK

DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

It had dawned upon me by this time where I was. The atmosphere would have convinced a Free Kirk elder.

"You surely don't mean to say—" I began.

"Oh, yes. We cater for all classes," answered my guide.

"But a canon," I continued. "Surely there must be some mistake."

"Precisely," he returned. "But it happened to be the canon's."

"And what are they doing?" I inquired.

"They are writing a sermon in praise of peace."

"What is the book to which they keep referring?" I asked.

"A copy of the New Testament," he explained. "The novelty for them lies in their being restricted to its precepts."

At another desk a little further on sat a thoughtful-looking gentleman writing a letter, while others finished lay about him on the floor. At first glance I took him for a schoolboy.

He was spotted with ink, his fingers were black with it; occasionally he wiped them on his hair. The letters were full of blots, and tears were in his eyes.

I glanced at the letters lying at his feet; one commenced: "My own dear precious little Pot of Jam." Another I noticed concluded, after four lines of crosses, with: "So no more at present from your loving and devoted Sticking-Plaster."

"Somewhat out of his style," I suggested.

"His duty," said my guide, "is to write genuine love letters from young men in the City to their first barmaids, and to write them for nothing."

I peeped into a room where sat an evidently literary gent hard at work upon the concluding pages of a novel. The room was beautifully furnished with antique cabinets, bric-a-brac, pictures, artistic mementoes, each one worth a paragraph to itself. Every now and then the door would be pushed open and then would enter a young man with a note-book in his hand. Each one of these commenced with the same formula, "I represent one of the most influential and widely circulated of newspapers. May I be permitted to write an interview with yourself, eulogizing you to the skies and incidentally advertising your forthcoming work?" Immediately the gentleman at the desk would spring up, and with oaths and imprecations drive the young man from the door.

"The gentleman does not like being interviewed," I remarked.

"I thought," replied my guide, "that I had explained to you our system."

"Oh! ah!" I answered; "of course, I was forgetting."

I noticed a somewhat youthful-looking little woman writing slowly, with a quiet thoughtful expression. Seeing my eyes upon her she rose and drew a screen between us.

"She does not mean to be rude," explained my guide. "Her object is merely to avoid attracting attention. Her work is of a serious nature."

"Imaginative?"

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "Realistic. It is called 'The Sorrows of an Egotist.' She is aware herself that there can be no particular sale for the book, but its absolute sincerity should render it of service."

A little further on paced to and fro a dark, distinguished-looking gentleman, directing the rehearsal of a play. The scene represented the back drawing-room of a small house in Clapham.

"But I thought the drama of the back drawing-room did not exist?" I said.

"He is discovering," answered my guide, "that it does—if only you will look for it with eyes capable of seeing through clothes."

I saw a pleasant-looking lady with her skirt tucked up peeling potatoes, while with one foot she rocked a double cradle containing twins. She was regarding them with a heavenly smile, though to me they appeared quite ordinary babies.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Once she may have been," he replied, "but not now. Don't speak to her, she is pressed for time. Her husband comes home at twelve. He is not a nice man, and if his dinner is not ready they say he spanks her."

A short, thick-set young man was passing to and fro. With a pencil he was correcting the proof-sheets of a poem, the manuscript of which he held in his left hand. As he wrote and read he made wry grimaces to himself.

"He is dissatisfied with it," I observed. "Are not the rhymes quite legitimate?"

"I don't think he is troubling so much about the rhymes," smiled my guide, "as he is about the sense."

"Is it an exceedingly trying task he has been set?" I inquired.

"It is a trifling ballad," returned my host, "intended to breathe the spirit that all men are equal in the sight of God—even officials."

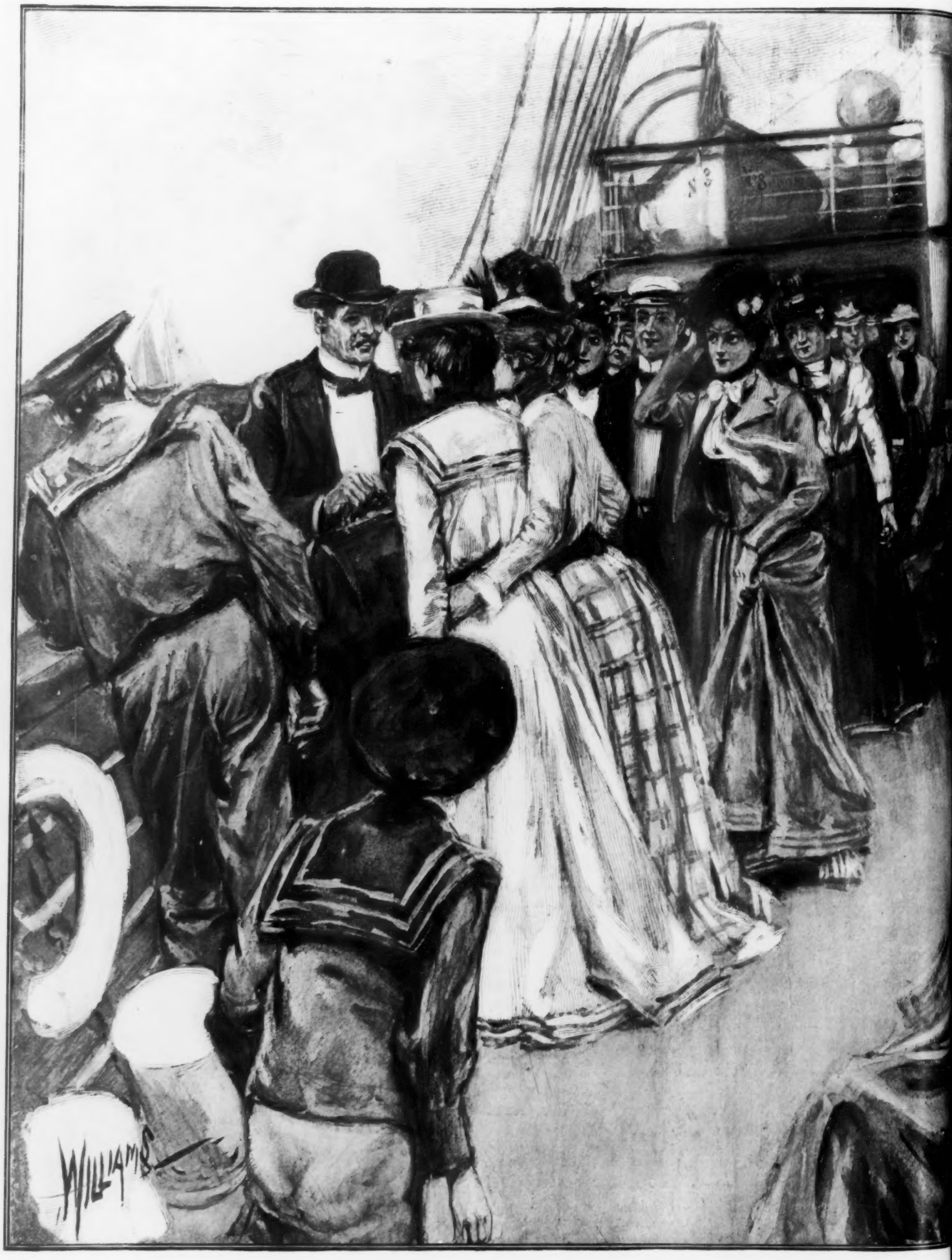
The door of a neat but somewhat barely furnished room stood open. I peeped within. It was empty. Behind the desk I noticed a book-case; so far as I could observe in the time it contained the hundred best books, maybe a few more.

"The occupant has gone out?" I remarked.

"On the contrary," returned my guide, "he has just arrived."

I looked toward him. The neat frock-coat and light-gray trousers in which I had first seen him had disappeared, as also other articles. There was no disguise about him now whatever. His face was no longer smiling, but grinning at me horribly. "In you go!" he said.

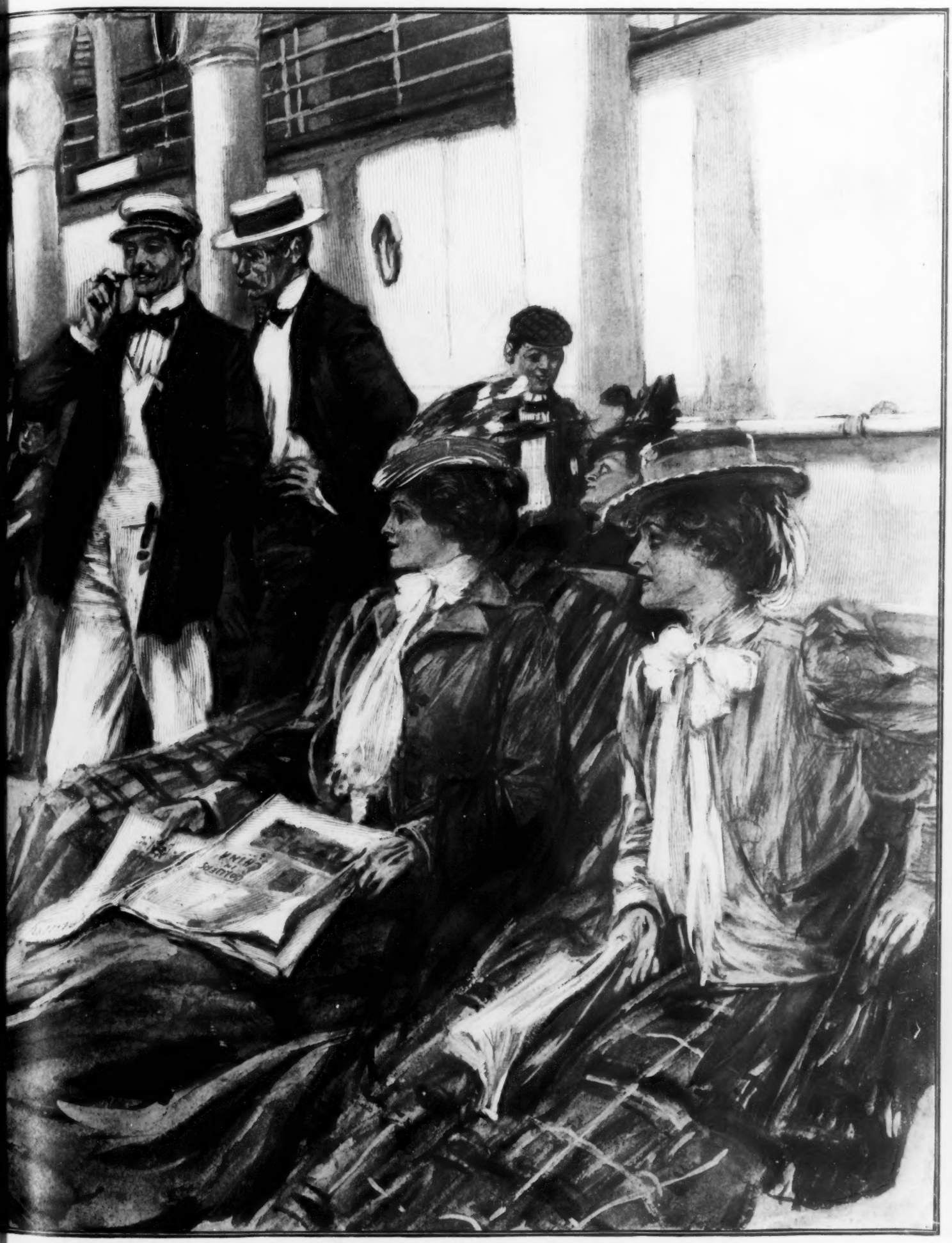
He seized me by the collar. I felt his horny fingers round my throat. I gave one convulsive struggle and awoke. It was somewhat late. My fox terrier was scratching at the clothes.



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TAKING ON T

TAKING ON THE PILOT IS THE LAST, BUT NOT THE LEAST, INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF HOME-COMING TOURISTS ON THE GREAT "OCEAN FERRIES." AFTER SIGNALLING BY TORCH AT NIGHT, OR BY FLAG IN DAYTIME, THE PILOT—SOMETIMES ATTIRED ESPECIALLY IN HONOR OF THE LINER AND THE LADIES—COMES ALONGSIDE IN A STOUT YAWL-BOAT, ROWED BY TWO SAILORS, EITHER



THE PILOT

FROM A SCHOONER, CRUISING PERHAPS FIFTY MILES OFF-SHORE, OR FROM THE STEAM PILOT-BOAT "NEW YORK," ALWAYS STATIONED NEAR SANDY HOOK LIGHTSHIP. HE IS RECEIVED BY AN OFFICER, AND ESCORTED TO THE BRIDGE, WHERE HE TAKES CHARGE OF THE SHIP UNTIL SHE IS MADE FAST TO HER PIER. THE PILOTS MAINTAIN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA

FOSING ROUND THE WHEEL FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

DINNER IN THE CABIN OF THE PILOT-BOAT

PILOTING SHIPS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR

By ERIC JOHNNASON. Pictures by our Staff Photographer James H. Hare

PILOTS IN THEIR GREENROOM

THE SANDY HOOK PILOTS' CLUB is not in the social register, yet it is the most exclusive club in the city. You might apply for admission to membership now, but you wouldn't get in for ten or twelve years—and you would be more fortunate than some present members if you got in even then. For, unlike the Authors' Club, which is not all author, or the golf club, which is not entirely golfer, or the athletic club, which is not wholly athlete, the Pilots' Club is all pilot. And to be a pilot you must serve, first, two years before the mast, then six years as an apprentice on a pilot-boat, then one or two years as a pilot with an eighteen-foot license—that is, you can pilot boats of a draught not exceeding eighteen feet; then one or two years with a twenty-two-foot license. So that, usually, twelve years pass before a pilot gets a full license.

So come down to the Battery and visit the pilot in his club, where he passes the time while waiting for his next ship out. Come meet "the boys," the tanned and sunburned, from the novice of twenty-eight to the veteran of seventy-eight. Shake hands with Captain Joe and Captain Tom and Captain Jim, and all the other captains—and learn what like are they who owe no man, who have not politics in their minds nor axe to grind. Horny their hands with many a helm, bloodshot their eyes with holding them wide open to the wind and the spray. But never shook you hand more sincere, never saw you eye more neighborly. Grog and firewater and smoke greet you. "What'll your friend have?" choruses the room—those playing cards (dice or chips not permitted), those reading, those loafing, those yarn-spinning—"What'll your friend have?" You are not the guest of one member—the club as a whole tries to murder you with the hospitality characteristic of a pilot, the son and grandson of a pilot. These plutocrats of the harbor wait upon you themselves. One gets the bottle, another the siphon, another the lemon. Have coffee? Here's a gas stove—one of the captains straightway makes coffee that makes you wonder how the Delmonicos and the Sherrys dare charge what they do for their kind of coffee.

Two or three rooms on an upper floor of a State Street office building—sitting-room, dining-room, library—this is the club home of New York's one hundred and six pilots. A telephone wire connects with the Pilot Commissioners' office upstairs, where there is a big blackboard covered with the names of pilots. In the morning the pilot looks at the board, and if his name is far down the list he knows he can safely return to his home and spend the day with Polly and the kids. He knows that he will not have to go to sea that day. If his name is half-way down the board, he does not go further than one hour from the building—his turn may come before the day is over. If his name is near the top of the board, he does not leave the building. He may be called any minute. He may possibly get as far away from the board as the clubrooms downstairs, but even here he keeps an ear on the telephone. So it comes to pass that the Pilots' Club is a sort of greenroom where, like actors, the pilots await their turn on the marine stage.

PILOT TRUST—BIGGEST OF ALL TRUSTS

The club is, of course, only to promote social welfare. The business end of the pilots' co-operative scheme is the United New York and Sandy Hook Pilots' Benevolent Organization, incorporated in 1896. This association works under the Pilot Commissioners, as a body, just as the pilots used to, individually. The five Commissioners are officers of the State of New York. Three are members of the Chamber of Commerce, and two are officials of the marine insurance companies. In the old days it was each pilot for himself and poverty for the hindmost. In those days, on shore or at sea, the pilot, like an actor or a free lance reporter, had to hustle for an engagement or assignment. At sea, he who first sighted a ship got the job. When a very big steamer was expected, he thought nothing of going as far as the Banks of Newfoundland in order to be the first to sight the greyhound. Sometimes two pilot-boats sighted a vessel at the same time, and then—what a race! On shore, the pilot had to go from captain to captain, office to office, till he got a vessel to take out. And when at last he did go out, his coming in was a matter of any old time from a day to a month or more.

To-day, pilots are not competitors. That he will get a boat is no longer a pilot's chance, but a certainty. Every one of the one hundred and six, in turn, gets an out boat and then an in boat. Instead of each pilot pocketing the entire fee, as in the old days, the fees are pooled and, after expenses are paid, the profits are divided among all; so that it no longer matters whether a pilot gets a large steamer or a small one, a liner or a tramp—he makes just as much for himself.

PUTTING THE YAWL OVERBOARD

AT SEA WITH THE GUILD

Now with these friends of Neptune, let us go to sea. Here, off a point of Staten Island not far from Quarantine, is our boat—a ninety-footer, like *Constitution* and *Shamrock*. The sun is only just rising, like a great red poker-chip on the sky, above the warehouses of Brooklyn. All the world seems yet asleep, save the crew of the pilot-boat and we—six pilots and a landsman—who are boarding her. Up goes the mainsail, out spreads the figure 1. The wind fills the sail, and Number One starts east'ard toward the Sandy Hook Lightship. Grizzly Captain Tom, who has been doing this sort of thing for four-and-forty years, knocks wood. "Thirteen of us," says he. "Ain't superstitious, but it's just as well to knock wood and be on the safe side o' luck."

SIGHTING A STEAMER

Thirteen, sure enough—six crew, six pilots, and . . . It's a lazy life in good company—all you need is old clothes, cap, rubber coat, pair of slippers and a pipe. Now that we are outward bound, what is there to do but just sit around and smoke, and eat three good meals, and throw a line overboard and catch bass or flounders or, perhaps, a bluefish, and listen to yarns, and put on the gloves and box a little just for exercise, and watch the captain who is squinting for steamers through a spyglass?

Now we pass the "station boat," the *New York*, first and only steamer owned by pilots, stationed there permanently to take off pilots from outgoing vessels. We arrive at our station, just east of Sandy Hook Lightship. We are now one of a string of pilot-boats—three east'ard along the Long Island shore, three south'ard along the Jersey shore.

In addition to the one hundred and six Sandy Hook pilots there are forty Jersey pilots. The Jersey boats—which hail all vessels from Southern ports—are stationed, one at Scotland Lightship, one off Barnegat twenty miles away, and one half-way between the two. The Long Island boats—which pick up European vessels—are stationed, one off Sandy Hook Lightship, one off Fire Island twenty miles away, and one half-way between the two. And between the two lightships, which are perhaps twenty miles apart, is the steamer, the *New York*. Draw a line from Fire Island on the east to Barnegat on the south, and you have a crescent sixty miles long patrolled by seven pilot-boats, one of them the steamer at the mouth of the harbor, the other six being sailers. The vessel that tries to pass this cordon of boats must be very cunning and very swift. But even if a vessel gets by the pilot-boats, and comes into harbor, her commander or owner will have to pay the pilotage just the same. For the only vessels which, by law, are not obliged to take a pilot or to pay pilot fees are private yachts, coastwise vessels from American ports, and United States ships of war.

The three boats on stations between Sandy Hook and Fire Island work this way: The Fire Island boat puts out all her pilots first. When empty of pilots she starts for New York for a fresh load, notifying the boat half-way between Fire Island and Sandy Hook that the Fire Island station is vacant. The boat so notified moves out to Fire Island, the Sandy Hook boat sails up to the midway station, and a new boat comes on at Sandy Hook. The operation is like a class of boys at school, the Fire Island boat being at the head of the class, and the Sandy Hook boat at the foot: when the head boy goes away, the others move up. So we were now at the foot of the class, at Sandy Hook.

BOARDING A CRADLE OF THE DEEP IN A STORM

As night approaches, a passing pilot-boat signals that she is empty of pilots, that she is on her way to New York, and our boat must move on to the midway station. So while the

THE PILOT TAKES THE YAWL TO BOARD THE LINER

cook below gets ready large quantities of corned beef and cabbage, and potatoes and pie, and while we gather around the table, we sail on to the midway station. When we come on deck again it is dark. Yet we display neither green light nor red light, only a bright white light at the masthead, just to show that ours is not like other boats. Darker it grows—now pitch black the night and a wind smiting the sails with heavier blows each minute. Some of the sail is taken in—a storm is not far off. How she rocks! How unconcernedly the six pilots light their six pipes! All a storm means to them is that it is wet instead of dry. The coming storm puts them in reminiscent mood. Says Captain John—pilot since '63:

"One night 'bout this time, on this very boat, we spied a liner coming in. We were 'bout five miles off Fire Island. It was blowin' guns, like now, and for an hour'n more we had been close-reefed—expectin' things. We hove-to near the liner and got out the yawl. Meanwhile the sea had been growing more and more furious, and the worst of the business was yet to come—I had to climb aboard the steamer. That steamer was rollin' just like you see 'em in oil paintings. She was right beam on to the sea. She rolled so far over that when the yawl got 'longside the whole darn ladder was under water and her rail was on a level with we chaps in the yawl.

"TAKIN' CHANCES"

"We expected to capsize every moment, but I got the men to pull in close just the same—takin' our chances—and as the boat rolled the other way, draggin' the ladder out o' water, I sprang for it and caught it just by luck—nothin' else. I was half-way up when the ship again rolled back, and carried the ladder again under water with me clingin' to it for all I was worth. But while she had me ducked she gave a queer kind of lurch, tearing me and the ladder apart.

"My cork jacket kept me afloat, but I lost my hat, my kit and my boots before the yawl picked me up. Well, I went at it again—caught the ladder once more, got again half-way up, was again ducked, but hung on this time till she rolled the other way, and then I climbed the rest of the way. It was tough work—but them that goes to war must expect to fight."

It was raining hard now, and tarpaulins were produced. When the rain came down in sheets that extinguished pipes, all hands not on watch went below, not because of the wet, but for smoke's sake.

All night long our boat cruised up and down the midway station like a sentinel on his beat. And every fifteen minutes we burned a huge torch, for whom it might concern—somewhat for the same reason that a night watchman records his rounds by pushing a button of an electric indicator.

PILOT COMMANDS FOR SAKE OF INSURANCE

After our bacon and eggs next morning, we moved on to our third and last station. Here the real work began. With spyglass to eye, one captain or another—all pilots are captains—scanned the horizon. The storm was over, the sea placid—all we had to do now was watch. Captain John was to be the first to go. We had not long to wait for our first catch, for ships arrive at the port of New York at the rate of one hundred a week, or fourteen or fifteen a day. Suddenly Captain John said, "Here she is!" The landsman strained his eyes in every direction, but could see nothing. "There," said the captain, "see that black speck? That's smoke, and she's a big 'un, four funnels at least."

It was the *Deutschland*, the biggest of the transatlantic fleet. Captain John went down to get his kit together—newspapers for the passengers, and so on—and the yawl was made ready. When the steel leviathan from Plymouth was a furlong off, "Good-by, boys," said Captain John, and so he pulled away.

Ten minutes later we saw him climb the ladder; the ship was delayed, practically, not two minutes in taking on her pilot. We saw Captain John mount to the bridge—now he was the commander of the *Deutschland*. Aboard-

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ROWING THE PILOT TO THE INCOMING LINER

ship a pilot is in supreme power, unless a captain happens to choose—foolishly—to take his ship in himself. On such rare occasions, instead of retaining his post by force and coming to blows, the pilot steps to one side, and then the whole responsibility rests upon the captain just as at sea. Only now, with the captain instead of the pilot in command, if an accident happens, the owners will not get one cent of insurance. The pilot, on the other hand, is the representative of the marine insurance companies and acts for them. When a ship comes to grief with a pilot at the helm, the insurance holds good.

WHERE THE CAPTAIN SURRENDERS TO THE PILOT

As a rule, ship captains sigh with relief when the pilot steps foot on the bridge. He has brought his ship through a hurricane, perhaps, but the placid waters of a harbor, which to the passenger seem so harmless, are full of menace and terrors for the captain. The passenger finds it hard to realize the presence of dangers he cannot see; but the captain knows there are rocks and hills unseen beneath those waters—and that's where the pilot comes in. He knows the geography of that unseen harbor bed, knows it as if he had traversed every inch of it in a diver's suit. That's what he was learning during those twelve years of probation, and that's why, now, his services are worth something like from thirty to forty dollars an hour.

SERVICES AT FORTY DOLLARS AN HOUR

So Captain John, now on the *Deutschland*, would in the next five hours earn $146.40—not for himself, but for the Pilots' Association. He would get his share, of course. The charge for pilotage is according to a vessel's draught. The *Deutschland* draws thirty feet, at $4.88 a foot. If it had been winter, four dollars extra would have been added to the charge.

But the largest passenger ship does not necessarily set deepest in the water. The next vessel—it was now Captain Tom's turn to leave us—was the Atlantic Transport liner *Minnehaha*, full of freight and drawing thirty-two feet. In piloting her in, Captain Tom would earn for the Association $156.16. It should be added that the outward rate is less than the inward; the *Deutschland*, for instance, going out, would be charged only $106.80, or at the rate of only $3.56 per foot of draught. And the *Minnehaha*, going out, would have to pay only $113.92, or more than forty-two dollars less than when she came in. Some other pilot charges are interesting. Sometimes the pilot misses the take-off boat, and he is carried to sea, willy-nilly, and has to make the voyage to Europe and back, the owner of the vessel carrying him having to pay $100 per month for the time he is away from New York. Again, when a vessel is detained, with a pilot, at Quarantine, or by ice, the owners must pay the pilot three dollars a day during detention.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

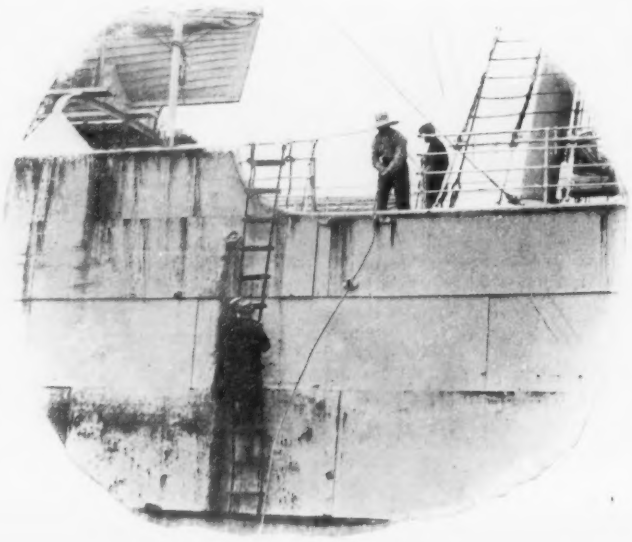
Before night—our second night out—we had lost Captain Joe to the *St. Paul* and Captain Henry to an Italian sailing vessel. When the landsman turned in at midnight only two pilots were left. When he came on deck again at daybreak, not a pilot was left—Captain Jim had gone in with *La Champagne* and Captain Jack with a tramp from Scotland.

"We'll be going in ourselves now," said the chief apprentice at the helm. "Just waiting for the lady."

"Lady? What lady?"

"Wife of the lighthouse-keeper. Here she comes now."

A yawl drew alongside with a woman dressed for Broadway. You'd think a woman passing her life in a lighthouse would be in the rear of fashion—but this woman was a surprise. "Good-by, Jen; go to the matinee and have a good time," called her consort as he pulled back to his sea home. "Jen" took the helm—daughter, granddaughter of seafarers that she was—and thus ended this particular cruise of pilot-boat Number One. That same night, with a fresh stock of corned beef, cabbage, bacon and pilots, Number One would start out to do it all over again, doing it precisely as she had a hundred times before, running in exactly the same tracks, just as a policeman would pace the same streets, turn the same corners, walk over the same flagstones, time and again, on his rounds.



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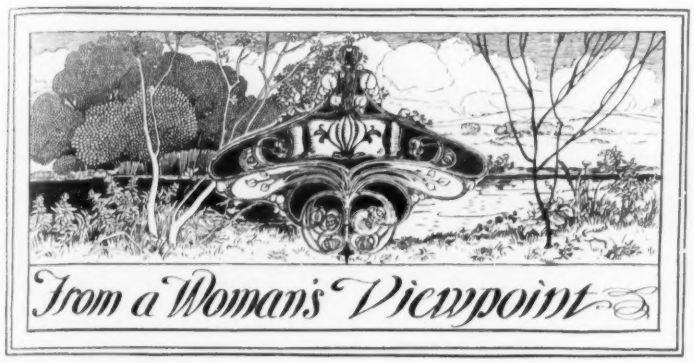

THE SUMMER GIRL AT THE CAMP

AT THE STATE CAMP

THE STATE ENCAMPMENT furnishes one of the many backgrounds against which the Summer Girl is prone to lean. It is not a bad background when one considers its romanticpossibilities. One State encampment differs from another only in minor details; this may have a wooded slope, that a river, another may be situated in a level plain, but the Summer Girl makes up for all natural deficiencies and enhances those which are provided. There is no place where she appears to greater advantage and certainly none where she is more welcome. A man will never admit that he is tired of his own sex or the monotony of camp life, but, after a week's trial of drills, early rising, hard beds, plain food and the horseplay of the practical joker, he is disposed to greet the Summer Girl with an effusion which might imply that she had been missed. For her is brought out the tin cup newly polished, from which she drinks lukewarm refreshment—for ice is as unknown a quantity in camp as it is in Europe—or, perhaps, a goblet may be abstracted from the mess tent and polished like a face in hot weather. For her the tent is pipeclayed, the young soldier taking great pride in his housewifely achievements, taking care to conceal the corner where everything is thrown which interferes with the spick and span ness of his entourage. For her is detailed his whole life from reveille to taps, if she lends a willing ear—and to her credit, be it said, she usually does. There is always about the tented field the atmosphere of war, that of achievement and glory, and if it be only a summer camp of instruction, the brass buttons, the uniforms, the organized system give to the most unimportant unit a borrowed radiance. There is great rivalry among companies as to their feminine visitors. Said a soldier recently to a visitor at one of the encampments, "You can tell right away what kind of a company it is by the looks of the women who visit them." So, although the Summer Girl may seem to be only a part of the general effect, she is in reality a social register, a kind of bluebook as to Who's Who and What's What. She always professes a profound ignorance of everything relating to camp life. This makes her popular. Sometimes she forgets and bits of information leak out, due to preceding experiences. She can't always help this; for to require profound ignorance of any subject takes time, and, occasionally, she is taken unaware. The mascot, the Merriam pack, the orderly, nicknamed Aguinaldo because he is never where he is wanted—the weird and wonderful devices for stowing things away—evoke alike her admiration and respect. There is no ambiguity about her praise, rather, like that of the regular West Point officer, who, called upon to address a camp of militia without preparation, said, simply: "The militia, gentlemen, there are no soldiers in the world like them," and sat down. To her they recall the sinews of war, the great things done in the Spanish war and the still greater things they will do when, as she believes, all the other nations of the earth are made to be whipped at once.

The trail to a man's heart does not necessarily lead via the kitchen and pantry, but the Summer Girl, who has an eye to the future, doesn't go to see her men friends in camp without taking them a basket of eatables. A boy at boarding school is not more pleased to receive his box of goodies than the soldier boy to get a reminder that there are gaps in the mess fare. The popularity of a certain New York regiment was proved to the satisfaction of a tentful of people the other day at Peekskill when one of the boys announced that the express company had delivered five thousand pounds of goods to his regiment while the regiment which was there the week before had only two hundred; so here is another way the Summer Girl may help to establish the popularity of her pet regiment besides looking smart and behaving with decorum.

Dress Parade is the great event of the day, and it is then that the Summer Girl appears at her best. When the sun is near the zenith, pouring its rays with relentless fury on a tented, treeless ground, one's complexion and one's ability for enjoyment are at low ebb; but late in the afternoon, with the band playing inspiring melodies in rag time, with lines of trim soldiery starting from the company streets over the velvety turf toward the parade ground, the Summer Girl's fervor is renewed. She chooses a picturesque place and pose, and asks ingenuously of her escort, who is carefully holding her sunshade due east, if the rank of a Canteen is higher than that of an Orderly, or some other question equally intelligent, which gives him an opportunity to instruct her ignorance.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE SUMMER GIRL

THERE is another place where the Summer Girl comes very near controlling the centre of a stage which was not intended for her. This is the college regatta, and here she manages to distract so much of the attention which belongs legitimately to the participants that one might be forgiven for a harsh criticism, but, of course, that criticism is rarely made; for without her the boat race would be a tame affair, and she knows it and takes advantage of that knowledge, as is the way with women all the world over. There are few prettier sights than the town where a college race takes place, on the great day of the contest, whether it be Henley on the Thames, New London on the Thames, Worcester on beautiful Lake Quinsigamond, Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, or some other well-known place. If the site selected by the college committees happens to be a quaint old town, bristling with historical landmarks, so much the better; for that gives a better frame to the picture. From the houses flags and pennants fly with the names of contesting crews; even the cats and dogs go about with decorations: the Yale blue, Harvard crimson, Princeton orange, and Columbia azure and white.

AT THE BOAT RACES

The Summer Girl is not mentioned in the official reports, but she has much to do with the success of the day. She flaunts her colors boldly, even though they be defeated. Sometimes her entire gown announces her choice, sometimes a parasol, a long ribbon flaunting from a borrowed stick, a badge pinned on her corsage, an enamelled pin, but the woman, old or young, who appears without a bit of college color is as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the proverbial stack of hay. At the regatta at New London, which has just taken place, one of the observation cars in the train which followed the contest from start to finish was decked in blue—the gowns of the women, hats, parasols, banners, everything was blue, blue, blue of the bluest. In an adjoining car, a Harvard party flaunted the color of their varsity eight, and, as one of the men remarked, they went their neighbors one better, for the girls blushed in Harvard shades. GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

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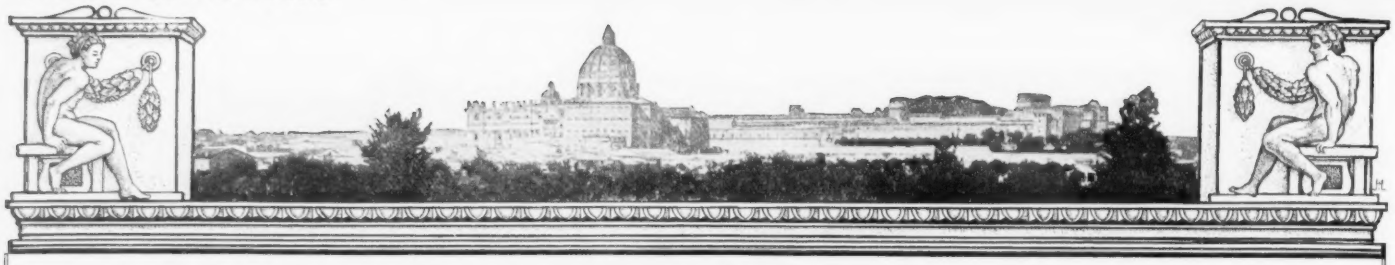

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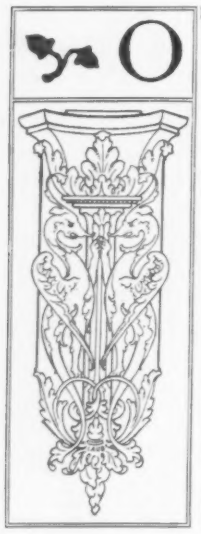
ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy compatriot, afterward proscribed as an abettor of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Baron Bonnino, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them are alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue being consequently set on foot to ruin him. But Rossi, persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Roma amends. She ceases to wish for vengeance and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, however, learning of her intention to marry the anarchist, becomes still more embittered against his rival in love and politics. He arbitrarily orders his arrest in connection with a mass meeting, at the same time urging Roma to officially establish David's identity. This she refuses to do. Rossi then escapes to England, after a church marriage with Roma. Tortured by conscience, in a letter she puts the case of her former intimacy with Bonnino before David, without mentioning names. In David's first letter is contained the copy of a proclamation urging the Roman people to continue united.

VII



OLD ALBERT PELLAGRINO, thin, unwashed, with a soiled white apron hanging from his neck, a paper cap of the shape of a biretta on his head, and a pair of spectacles and a shade over his eyes, was standing by his printing case in the depths of his long narrow workshop when Roma called on him with the Proclamation. So much beauty with its little gusts of perfume had rarely penetrated that close atmosphere with its odor of printer's ink and its yellow gaslight, and the old man took off his paper cap and bowed in some embarrassment.

Roma mentioned her business, and the printer's confused face became very grave.

"Let me look at it," he said, and, holding the paper close to his eyes, he read it attentively. Then he looked at Roma over the top of his spectacles and was silent for a moment.

"Well?"

"The printer who prints this must be prepared for consequences," said the old man.

"You think it is risky?"

"Extremely risky. The Royal Commissioner has forbidden all seditious proclamations under pain of imprisonment."

"You consider this one seditious?"

"Look at it," said the old man, running a black-edged finger-nail over the concluding lines of the copy. "It threatens the throne of the King."

"Nevertheless it must be printed," said Roma.

"In that case, as the printer would run so much risk . . ."

"Ah, I quite understand that. Would twice his usual terms, say three times . . ."

The old man nodded approvingly.

"Then I presume you will put it in hand at once?"

"But there is the posting."

"You mean that the posting . . ."

"That will be risky, too. It will have to be done at night, and by a man who is prepared for anything."

"Give him four times his usual fee and get him to work at once."

Roma, feeling hot and choked, was preparing to go.

"One moment. David Rossi is the soul of honor, and I could trust him with my last penny. But nobody knows what will become of him and . . ."

"Ah, yes. You want your money now? How much is it?" said Roma, taking out her purse.

The printer mentioned a monstrous price; she paid it and left the shop.

At four o'clock that afternoon Roma was sitting by her lace-covered dressing-table, on which were spread the dainty articles of jewelry she was about to sell. There was an old cameo, with gold setting of Roman workmanship; a jewelled chatelaine; an antique cross of lapis lazuli, surrounded by pearls; a necklace of brilliants in old silver setting; a coronet of diamonds with bracelets and brooch to match; and an ancient enamelled shrine set in rubies, attached to an old chain set in pearls. Besides these, which were ancestral jewels, and had been given to her by the Baron as from her grandmother, on her twenty-first birthday, there were modern pieces which the Baron had presented for himself. A ring of rubies set with rose diamonds, a diamond cross of a simple stone, a turquoise and diamond necklace, and a rope of Oriental pearls.

It was a dazzling galaxy of light, and the woman's heart was torn at the thought of parting with such treasures. Her eyes gleamed in the glass before her, then filled and overflowed. To end the torture she gathered up the jewels into her little brass jewel-case, shut the lid and turned the key.

She was in the act of doing so when Felice brought in a letter from the Baron:

"DEAR ROMA—I hear with astonishment and regret that you contemplate the sale of your ancestral jewels. There is no law, even in Italy, to prevent you from doing so, but such a proceeding would be visited by the severest censures of society unless the necessity were urgent and imperative. That necessity cannot arise while I am ready and waiting to prevent it. You have only to speak and I am here to listen; only to ask and you will receive. I beg of you once more to put away all false modesty, all dreams and all delusion and come to me on our old terms, that it may be my pleasure and privilege to serve you now and always.—Yours, BONNINO."

Felice was still at the door. "*Risposta*, Excellency?"

"Say there is no answer," said Roma.

An hour afterward she was replying to David Rossi:

"The proclamation is in hand, and paid for, and will be posted first thing in the morning. From the printer's I went on to Piazza Navona and found a wilderness of woe. Elena had gone away, leaving an ambiguous letter behind her, which led the old people to believe that for the loss of her son and husband she had destroyed herself. I pretended to think differently, and warned them to say nothing of their daughter's disappearance, thinking that Bruno might hear of it and find food for still further suspicions.

"Lawyer Napoleon F. has seen the poor soul again, and been here this evening to tell me the result. It will seem to you incredible. Bruno will do nothing to help in his own defence. Talks of 'treachery' and the 'King's pardon.' Napoleon F. thinks the Camorra is at work with him, and tells of how criminals in the prisons of Italy have a league of crime with captains, corporals and cadets. My own reading of the mystery is different. I think the Camorra in this case is the Council, and the only design is to entrap by treachery one of the 'greater delinquents not in custody.' I want to find out where Charles Minghetti is at present. Nobody seems to know.

"As for me, what do you suppose is my last performance? I've sold my jewels! Yesterday I sent for one of the Strozzini, and the shocking old Shylock came this evening and cheated me unmercifully. No matter! What do I want with jewelry, or a fine house and servants to follow me about as if I were a Cardinal? If *you* can do without them so can I. But you need not say you are anxious about what is happening to me. I'm as happy as the day is long. I am happy because I love you and that is everything.

"Only one thing troubles me—the grief of the poor girl I told you about. She follows me about, and is here all the time, so that I feel as if I were possessed by her secret. In fact, I'm afraid I'll blab it out to somebody. I think you would be sorry to see her. She tries to persuade herself that because her soul did not consent she was really not to blame. That is the thing that women are always saying, isn't it? They draw this distinction when it is too late and use it as a quibble to gloss over their fault. Oh, I gave it her! I told her she should have thought of that in time, and died rather than yield. It was all very fine to talk of a minute of weakness, mere weakness of bodily will, not of virtue, but the world splits no straws of that sort. If a woman has fallen she has fallen, and there is no question of body or soul.

"Oh, dear, how she cried! When I caught sight of her red eyes, I felt she ought to get herself forgiven. And after all I'm not so sure that she should tell her husband, seeing that it would so shock and hurt him.

"Good-night! I open my window to say my last good-night to the stars over Monte Mario, for that's where England is! How bright they are to-night! How beautiful!—ROMA."

VIII

EARLY next morning Nattalina came to say that the Countess was very ill, and Roma went to her immediately. The room was full of the odor of burning pastilles and the ribbon of Bruges, and the sick woman was writhing in pain, pressing her hand to her side and moaning fretfully.

When the doctor was gone, the Countess sent for Roma.

"Dr. Fedi is a fool," she said. "I don't know what people see in him. I would like to try the Bambino of Ara Cœli. The Cardinal Vicar had it, and why shouldn't I? They say it has worked miracles. It may be dear, but if I die you will always reproach yourself. If you are short of money you can sign a bill at six months and before that the poor maniac woman will be gone and you'll be the wife of the Baron."

"If you really think the Bambino will . . ."

"It will! I know it will."

"Very well, I will send for it."

Roma sent a letter to the Superior of the Franciscans at the monastery of Ara Cœli that the little figure of the infant Christ, which is said to restore the sick, should be sent to her aunt, who was near to death.

At the same time she wrote to an auctioneer in the Via due Macelli, requesting him to call upon her. The man came immediately. He had little beady eyes which ranged round the dining-room and seemed to see everything except Roma herself.

"I wish to sell up my furniture," said Roma.

"All of it?"

"Except what is in my aunt's room and the room of her nurse, and such things in the kitchen, the servants' apartments and my own bedroom as are absolutely necessary for present purposes."

"Quite right. When?"

"Within a week if possible."

The Bambino came in a carriage with two horses, and the people in the street went down on their knees as it entered. One of the friars in his priest's vestments carried it in a box with the lid open and two friars in brown habits walked before it with lifted candles. But as the painted image in its scarlet clothes and jewels entered the Countess's bedroom, with its grim and ghostly procession, and was borne like a baby mummy to the foot of her bed, it terrified her and she screamed.

"Take it away!" she shrieked. "You want to frighten me out of my life. Take it away!"

The grim and ghostly procession went out. Its visit had lasted thirty seconds and cost a hundred francs.

When the doctor came again the outline of the Countess's writhing form had shrunken to the lines of a skeleton under the ruffled counterpane.

"It's not the Bambino you want—it's the priest," he said; and then the poor mortal who was still afraid of dying began to whimper and whine.

"And, Sister," said the doctor, "as the Countess suffers so much pain you may increase the opiate from a dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful and give it twice as frequently."

That evening the Sister went home for a few hours' leave, and Roma took her place by the sick bed. The patient's ideas were limited to love of herself, and she was more selfish and exacting than ever, but Roma began to feel a softening toward the poor tortured being, and was trying her best to do her duty.

It was dusk, and the Countess, who had just taken her opiate in the increasing doses, was out of pain, and wished to make her toilet. Roma brought up the night table and the mirror, the rouge pot, the rabbit's foot, the puff, the pencil, and the other appurtenances of her aunt's toilet-box. And when the fragile thing, so soon to be swallowed up by the earth in its great earthquake, had been propped up by pillows, she began to paint her wrinkled face as if she had been about to dance a minuet with Death. First, the black rings about the languid eyes were whitened, then the earthen cheeks were rouged, and finally the livid lips and nostrils were pencilled with the rosy hues of health and youth.

Roma turned on the electric light, but the glare oppressed the patient, and she switched it off again. The night had now closed in, and the only light in the room came from the little red oil-lamp which burned before the shrine.

The drug began to operate, and its first effect was to loosen the old lady's tongue. She began to talk of priests in a tone of contempt and braggadocio.

"I hate priests," she said, "and I can't bear to have them about me. *Why* so? Because they are always about the dead. Their black cassocks make me think of funerals. The sight of a graveyard makes me faint. Besides, priests and confessions go together, and why should a woman confess if she can avoid it? When people confess they have to give up the thing they confess to, or they can't get Absolution. Fedi's a fool. Give it up, indeed! I might as well talk of giving up the bed that's under me."

Roma sat on a stool by the bedside, listening intently, yet feeling she had no right to listen. The drug was rapidly intoxicating the Countess, who went on to talk as if some one else had been in the room.

"A priest would be sure to ask questions about that girl. I would have to tell him why the Baron put me here to look after her, and then he would prate about the Sacraments and want me to give up everything."

The Countess laughed a hard, evil horse-laugh, and Roma felt an icy shudder pass over her.

"'I'm tied,' said the Baron. 'But you must see that she waits for me. Everything depends upon you, and if all comes out well . . .'"

The old woman's tongue was thickening, and her eyes in the dull red light were glazed and stupid.

Roma sat motionless and silent, watching with her own dilated eyes the grinning sinner, as she poured out the story of the plot for her capture and corruption. At that moment she hated her aunt, the unclean, malignant, unpitiable thing who had poisoned her heart against her father, and tried to break down every spiritual impulse of her soul.

The diabolical horse-laughter came again, and then the devil who had loosened the tongue of the dying woman in the intoxication of the drug made her reveal the worse secret of her tortured conscience.

"Why did I let him torment me? Because he knew something. It was about my child. Didn't you know I had a child? It was born when my husband was away. He was coming home, and I was in terror."

The red light was on the emaciated face. Roma was sitting in the shadow with a roaring in her ears.

"It died, and I went to confession . . . I thought nobody knew . . . But the Baron knows everything. . . . After that I did everything he told me."

The thick voice stopped. Only the ticking of a little clock was audible. The Countess had dozed off. All her vanity of vanities, her intrigues, her lifelong frenzies, her sins and sufferings were wrapped in the innocence of sleep.

IX

For some days after this the house was in a tumult. Men in red caps labelled "Casa di Vendita" were tearing up carpets, dragging out pieces of furniture and figuring them. The catalogue was made and bills were posted outside the street door announcing a sale of "Ancient and Modern Objects of Art" in the "Appartamento Volonna." Then came the "Grand' Esposizione"—it was on Sunday morning—and the following day the auction.

Crowds of people came. They were of all conditions. Roman nobles, lawyers, members of Parliament, and the models from the Spanish Steps in their cross-gartered stockings and stays worn outside. Women of the middle classes were drawn by a semi-sensual curiosity. They wanted to see the rooms that had been frequented by the Prime Minister and occupied by his favorite.

Roma built herself an ambush from prying eyes in one corner of the apartment. She turned her boudoir into a bedroom and sitting-room combined. From there she heard the shuffling of feet as the people assembled in the large dismantled drawing-room without.

Some time afterward Roma heard the people going down to the studio. Presently the auctioneer's voice came up as from a vault.

"And now what am I offered for this large and important work of modern art?"

There was a ripple of derisive laughter.

"A fountain worthy, when it is finished, to rank with the masterpieces of ancient Rome."

More derisive laughter.

"Now is the time for public institutions. Gentlemen, don't all speak at once. Every day is not a festa. How much am I offered? Nothing at all? Not even a soldo? Too bad. Art is its own reward."

Still more laughter, followed by the shuffling of feet coming up the iron stairs, and a familiar voice on the landing—it was the Princess Bellini's—"Madonna mia! what a fright it is, to be sure!"

Then another voice—it was Madame Sella's—"I thought so the day of the private view, when she behaved so shockingly to the dear Baron."

Then a third voice—it was the voice of Olga, the journalist—"I said the Baron would pay her out, and he has. Before the day is over she'll not have a stick left or a roof to cover her."

Roma dropped her head on to the table. Try as she might to keep a brave front, the surging waves of shame and humiliation were sweeping over her.

Some one touched her on the shoulder. It was Nattalina with a telegram. "Letter received; my apartment is paid for to end of June; why not take possession of it?"

From that moment onward nothing else mattered. The tumultuous noises in the drawing-room died down, and there was no sound but the voices of the auctioneer and his clerk, which rumbled like a drum in the empty chamber.

It was four o'clock. Opening the window, Roma heard the music of a band. At that a spirit of defiance took possession of her, and she put on her hat and cloak. As she passed through the empty drawing-room, the auctioneer, who was counting his notes with the dry rustle of a machine winnowing chaff, looked up with his beady eyes and said:

"It has come out fairly well, madame—better than we might have expected."

On reaching the Piazza she halted a cab. "The Pincio!" she cried, and settled in her seat. When she returned an hour afterward she wrote her usual letter to David Rossi:

"High doings to-day! Have had a business on my account, and done a roaring trade! Disposed of everything in the shop except what I wanted for myself. It isn't every tradeswoman who can say that much, and I'm only a beginner to boot!

"Soberly, I've sold up. Being under notice to leave this apartment, I didn't want all this useless furniture, so I thought I might as well get done with it in good time. Besides, what right had I to soft beds and fine linen while you were an exile sleeping Heaven knows where? And then my aunt, who is very ill and wants all sorts of luxuries, is rather expensive, though she doesn't know it. So for the past week my drawing-room has been as full of fluting as a frog-pond at sunset, and on Sunday morning people were banging away at my poor piano as if it had been a hurdy-gurdy at an osteria.

"But, oh dear, how stupid the world is! People thought because I was selling what I didn't want I must be done. You would have laughed to hear their commentaries. To tell you the truth I was so silly that I could have cried, but just at the moment when I felt a wee bit badly down came your telegram like an angel from heaven.

"I must write again on other matters. Meantime one item of news. Lawyer Napoleon, who continues to go to Regina Cœli to see the bewildering Bruno, saw Charles Minghetti in prison clothes in prison! If the god who settles the question of sex had only remembered to make your girl the Procurator-General think how different the history of the world would have been! The worst of it is he mightn't have remembered to make you a woman; and in any case things being so nicely settled as they are, I don't think I want to be a man. I waft a kiss to you on the wings of the wind. It's ponente, so it ought to be warm.—ROMA."

X

WHEN the King of Terrors could no longer be beaten back the Countess sent for the priest. Before he arrived she insisted on making her toilet and receiving him in the dressing-gown which she used to wear when people made ante-camera to her in the days of her gayety and strength.

During the time of the Countess's confession Roma sat in her own room with a tremor of the heart which she had never felt before. Something personal and very intimate was creeping over her soul. She heard the indistinct murmur of the priest's voice at intervals, followed by a sibilant sound as of whispers and sobs.

The confession lasted fifteen minutes, and then the priest came out of the room. "Now that your relative has made her peace with God," he said, "she must receive the Blessed Sacrament, Extreme Unction and the Apostolic Blessing."

He went away to prepare for these offices and the English Sister came to see Roma. "The Countess is like another woman already," she said. But Roma did not go into the sick-room.

The priest returned in half an hour. He had now two assistants, one carrying the cross and banner, the other a vessel of holy water and the volume of the Roman ritual. The Sister and Felice met them at the door with lighted candles.

"Peace be to this house!" said the priest.

And the assistants said, "And to all dwelling in it."

Then the priest took off an outer cloak, revealing his white surplice and violet stole, and followed the candles into the Countess's room. Presently the English Sister came to say that the Countess wished to see Roma.

"It's perfectly miraculous," said the Sister. "She's like another woman."

"Has she had her opiate lately?" said Roma.

The Sister answered that she had.

Roma found her aunt in a kind of mystical transport. A great light of joy, almost of pride, was shining in her face.

"All my pains are gone," she said. "All my sorrows and trials, too. I have laid them all on Christ, and now I am going to mount up with Him to God."

Clearly she had no sense of her guilt toward Roma. Quite the contrary. She began to take a high tone with her, the tone of a saint toward a sinner.

"You must conquer your worldly passions, Roma. You have been a sinner, but you must not die a bad death. For instance, you are selfish. I am sorry to say it, but you know you are. You must confess and dedicate your life to fighting the sin in your sinful heart, and commend your soul to His mercy who has washed me from all stain."

But the Countess's ethereal transports did not wholly eclipse her worldly vanities when she proceeded to preparations for her funeral.

"Let there be a Requiem Mass, Roma. Everybody has it. It costs a little, certainly, but we can't think of such things in a case like this. And send for the Raveggi Company to do the funeral pomps, and see they don't put me on a tressel. I am a noble and have a right to be laid on the church floor. See they bury me on high ground. The little Pincio is where the best people are buried now, just above the tomb of Duke Massimo."

Roma continued to say "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," though her very heart felt ill.

"And now I'm tired of speaking, so you can go away."

As Roma left the room she heard her aunt whispering from her husky chest:

"Most sweet Lord Jesus . . . open to me the gates of paradise and lead me into everlasting joys."

Two hours afterward the Countess was in her death agony. The tortured body had prevailed over the rapturous soul, and she was calling for more and more of the opiate. Everybody was odious to her and her angular face was snapping all round.

The priest came to say the prayers for the dying. It was near to sunset, but the shutters were still closed, and the room had a grim solemnity. A band was playing on the Pincio, and the strains of an opera mingled with the petitions of the "breathing forth."

Everybody knelt except Roma. She alone was standing. But her heart was on its knees and her whole soul was prostrate.

The priest put a crucifix in the Countess's hand and she kissed it fervently, pronouncing all the time with gasping breath the name "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!"

The passing bell of the parish church was tolling in slow strokes, and the priest was praying fast and loud:

"May Christ who called thee receive thee, and let angels lead thee into the bosom of Abraham."

At one moment the crucifix dropped from the dying woman's hands, and her diamond rings, now too large for the shrivelled fingers, fell on to the counterpane. A little later her wig fell off and for an instant her head was bald. Her forehead was perspiring; her breath was rattling in her chest. At last she became delirious.

"It's a lie!" she cried. "Everything I've said is a lie! I didn't kill it!" Then she rolled aside and the crucifix fell on to the floor.

The priest, who had been praying faster and faster every moment, rose to his feet and said in an altered tone, "We commend to Thee, O Lord, the soul of thy handmaiden, Elizabeth, that being dead to the world she may live to Thee, and those sins which through the frailty of human life she has committed Thou by the indulgence of Thy most loving kindness may wipe out through Christ our Lord, Amen."

The priest's voice died down to an inarticulate murmur and then stopped. A moment afterward the curtains were drawn back, the shutters parted and the windows thrown open. A flood of red light streamed into the room. The candles burned yellow and went out. The mystic rites were at an end.

The English Sister was putting the crucifix back into the icy hands and closing the glazed eyes; the cat was mewing and scratching at the bedclothes; and some one was saying in a matter-of-fact way: "I presume the deceased has settled her temporal affairs."

Roma fled back to her own room. Her storm-tossed soul was foundering.

The band was still playing on the Pincio and the sun was going down behind St. Peter's when Roma took up her pen to write.

"She is dead! The life she clung to so desperately has left her at last. How she held on to it! And now she has gone to give an account of the deeds done in this body. Yet who am I to talk like this? Only a poor unhappy fellow sinner.

"After confession she thought she was forgiven. She imagined she was pure, sinless, soulful. Perhaps she was so, and only the pains of death made her seem to fall away. But what a power in confession! Oh the joy in her poor face when she had lifted the burden of her sins and secrets off her soul! Forgiveness! What a thing it must be to feel one's self forgiven . . .

"I cannot write any more to-day, my dear one, but there will be news for you next time, great and serious news."

XI

IT HAD been a gorgeous funeral, and the soul of the Countess would have been satisfied. But the grinning King of Terrors had stood by all the time, saying "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Roma bought a wreath of white flowers at a stall outside the cemetery gates, and by help of a paper given to her in the office she found the grave of little Joseph. It was in a shelf of vaults like ovens, each with its marble door, and a photograph on the front. They were all photographs of children, sweet smiling faces, a choir of little angels, now singing round the throne in heaven. The sun was shining on them, and the tall fir trees were singing softly in the light wind overhead. Here and there a mother was trimming a little oil lamp that hung before her baby's face, and listening to the little voice that was not dead but speaking to her soul's soul.

Roma hung her wreath on Joseph's vault and turned away. Going out of the gates she met a great concourse of people. At their head was a Capuchin carrying a black wooden cross with sponge, spear, hammer and nails attached. Two boys in blue and white carried candles by his side. The crowd behind were of the poorest, chiefly women and girls with shawls and handkerchiefs on their heads. It was Friday, and they were going to the Church of S. Lorenzo to make the procession of the stations of the cross. Scarcely knowing why she did so, Roma followed them.

The people filled the Basilica. Their devotion was deep and touching. As they followed the friar from station to station they sang in monotonous tones the strophes of the "Stabat Mater."

"Ah, Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the strength of sorrow that I may mourn with thee."

Their prayer seemed hardly needful. They were the starving wives and children of the men in prison, the men in hospital, and the reserve soldiers. Poor wrecks on life's shore, thrown up by the tide, they had turned to religion for consolation, and were sending up their cry to God.

When they had finished their course and ended their canticles of grief, they gathered about the pulpit and the Capuchin got up to preach. He was a bearded man with a face full of light, almost of frenzy, and a cross and a rosary hung from his girdle. He spoke of their poverty, their lost ones, their privations, of the dark hour they were passing through, and of answers to prayers in political affairs. During this time the silence was breathless, but when he told them that God had sent their sufferings upon them for their sins, that they must confess their sins, in order that their holy mother, the Church, might save them from their sins, there was a deep hum in the air like the rumble in a great shell.

A line of confessional boxes stood in each of the church aisles, and as the preacher described the sorrows of the man-God, His passion, His agony, His blood, the women and girls, weeping audibly, got up one by one and went over to confess. No sooner had one of them arisen than another took her place. And each as she rose to her feet looked calm and comforted.

The emotion of the moment was going over Roma like a swelling flood. If she could unburden her heart like that! If she could cast off all the trouble of her days and nights of pain! One of the confessional boxes had a penitential rod protruding from it, and going past the front of it she had seen the face of the priest. It was a soft, kindly, human face. She had seen it before somewhere—perhaps in the Pope's procession.

At that moment a poor girl with a handkerchief on her head, who had knelt down crying, was getting up with shining eyes. Roma was shaken by violent tremors. An overpowering desire had come upon her to confess. For a moment she held on to a chair, lest she should fall to the floor. Then, by a sudden impulse, in a kind of delirium, scarcely knowing what she was doing until it was done, she flung herself in the place the girl had risen from, and with a palpitating heart said in a tremulous voice through the little brass grating, "Father, I am a great, great sinner—hear me, hear me!"

The measured breathing inside the confessional was arrested, and the peaceful face of the priest looked out at the hectic cheeks and blazing eyes.

"Wait, my daughter. Do not agitate yourself. Say the Confiteor."

She tried to speak, but her words were hardly audible or coherent.

"I confess . . . I confess . . . I cannot, Father."

A pinch of snuff dropped from the old man's fingers.

"Are you not a Christian?"

"I have not been baptized, but I was educated in a convent and . . ."

"Then I cannot hear your confession. Baptism is the door of the Church and without it . . ."

"But I am in great trouble. For our Lady's sake, listen to me. Oh, listen to me, Father, only listen to me!"

Although accustomed to the sufferings of the human heart, a measureless pity came over the old priest, and he said in a kind and tender voice:

"Go on, my daughter. I cannot give you absolution, for you are not a child of the Church, but I am an old man and if I can help your poor soul to bear its burden, God forbid that I should turn you away."

In a torrent of hot words Roma poured out her trouble, hiding nothing, extenuating nothing and naming and blaming no one. At length the throbbing breath and quivering voice died down, and there was a moment's silence, in which the dull rumble in the church seemed to come from far away. Then the voice behind the grating said in tender tones:

"My daughter, you have committed no sin in this case and have nothing to repent of. That you should be troubled by scruples shows that your soul is good and pure and that you are living in free communion with God. Your bodily health is reduced by nervousness and anxiety and it is natural that you should imagine that you have sinned where you have not sinned. That is the sweet grace of most women, but how few men! What sin there has been is not yours, therefore go home and God comfort you."

"But, dear Father . . . it is so good of you, but have you forgotten . . ."

"Your husband? No! Whether you should tell him it is beyond my power to say. In itself I should be against it, for why should you disturb his conscience and endanger the peace of a family? Your scruples about Nature coming to convict you, being without grounds of reason, are temptations of the devil and should be put behind your back. But that your marriage was a religious one only, that the other person (you did right not to name him, my child) may use

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that circumstance to separate you, and that your confession to your husband, if it came too late, would come prejudiced and worse than in vain, these are the facts that make it difficult to advise you for your safety and peace of mind. Let me consult some one wiser than myself. Let me, perhaps, take your secret to a high place, a kindly ear, a saintly heart, a venerable and holy head. Come again, or leave me your name if you will, and if that holy person has anything to say you shall hear of it. Meantime go home in peace and content, my daughter, and may God bring you into his true fold at last."

XII

BY the first post next morning "Sister Angelica" received a letter from David Rossi:

"DEAREST—I am working day and night. Meetings, committees, correspondence early and late. A great scheme is afoot, dearest, and you shall hear all about it presently. I am proud that I judged rightly of the moral grandeur of your nature, and that it is possible to tell you everything.

"We have elected a centre of action and mapped out our organization. Everybody agrees with me on the necessity of united action. Europe seems to be ready for a complete change, but the first great act must be done in Rome. I find encouragement everywhere. The brotherly union of the peoples is going on. A power stronger than brute force is sweeping through the world. Even here in England, where the thinking classes want a leading mind, and where there is no idea at present but the pagan one of Empire, the claim of individualism is at death-grips with the rights of all, and patriotism is challenged by a far higher principle. Notwithstanding her monarchy, which is a ghost, and her House of Lords, which is an astral body, notwithstanding her poor oppressed Ireland, the light-hearted Italy of the Irish Sea, the grand heroic flame burns in her still, and she will go on, in spite of the subversive powers which are trying to hold her back.

"And the wave that is rising in this great land of liberty is flowing throughout Europe and America. Nature herself is being subdued so as to help in the unity of man. Distance, mountains, seas, language, all the natural barriers are going down. St. Gothard tunnels, Channel tunnels, Suez canals, connections of the Danube and the Rhine, the telegraph, the railway, commercial treaties, trusts, land laws, international exhibitions, national alliances, war itself in its progress from savage conditions to slaughter by machinery, what are they all doing but obeying the mighty and irresistible natural law which is working out the brotherhood of man? Unity is the watchword that is harmonizing the world, and already it echoes from Italy to England and from Russia to France.

"Meantime the myriads of men who live by Discord are trying to drown the voice of Nature and God. What devices they have used all the ages through! One of them is the sword. Think how they have dressed it up to hide its nakedness! Soldiers in gay clothes, bands of music to intoxicate them, reviews, ranks, decorations. If the poor soldier were clad like other men, in the clothes appropriate to his work, what garments would be proper to his bloody and revolting trade? Another of the devices used to divide humanity is the Church. According to your letter they are using it again in Rome. This is dangerous. The poor priests in every country are beset on both sides, on the side of the civil powers to maintain its authority, however evil it may be, and on the side of the powers of the Church to protect its temporalities. I incuse an address to the priests. You will get old Albert Pellagrino to print it and post it as he did the other proclamation. God grant it may do good!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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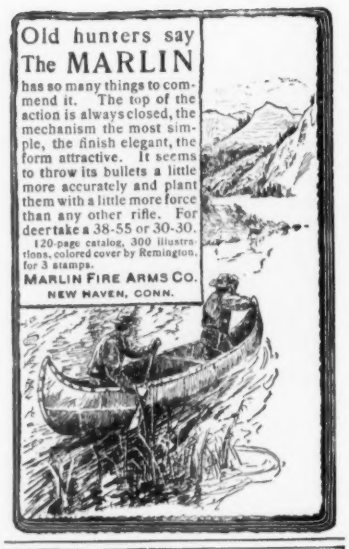

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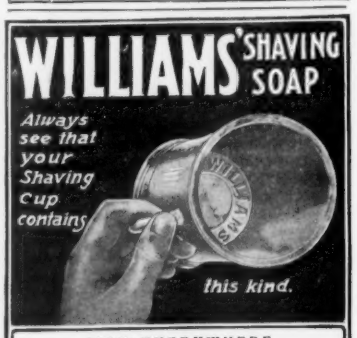

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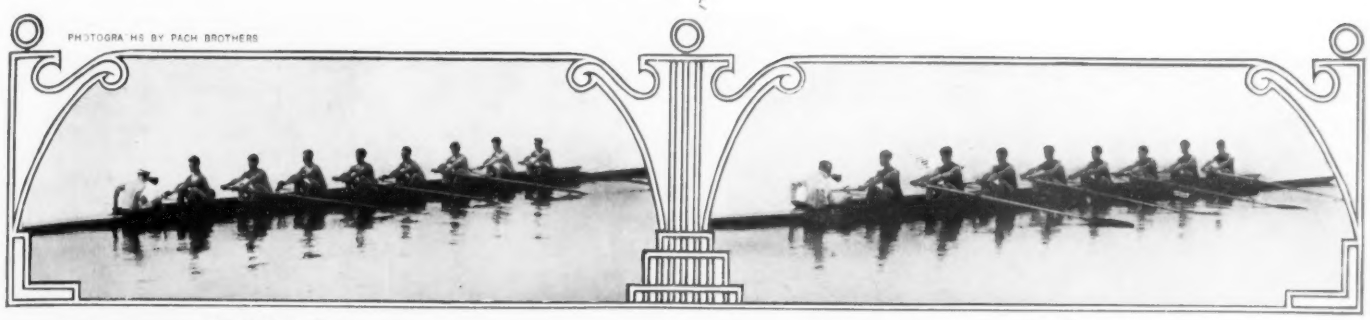

YALE VARSITY CREW — HARVARD VARSITY CREW

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

YALE BREAKS HARVARD'S HEART ON THE THAMES

TWO EIGHT-OARED crews, representing Harvard and Yale, had, in time rows over the New London course, each made the four miles in a fraction over twenty-one minutes. This was known absolutely to the coaches and also to the crews themselves, so that it is no wonder that the two sets of men looked at each other with a strange sensation, wondering which crew, in the killing race that was to come, would reach the breaking point first. There was very little to give either a line on the other further than this fact. Harvard, as was apparent to the eyes of the Yale men, had improved remarkably since coming to the Thames, for on their arrival they had not been well enough together to seem unusually formidable. But as the days had gone on, it was manifest, even to the most hardened partisan of the blue, that the Harvard crew was getting together and the boat was travelling fast. Yale had had her little season of falling off, and this had aided in complicating the situation. A few days before the time for the struggle came, Yale was smoothing out, and on the very eve of the contest seemed to have acquired that rhythmic smoothness upon which in their theories the success of the stroke depends.

Then dawned the eventful Thursday, and all day long the crews waited for the hour when in the evening they should settle beyond dispute the question of which stroke and which eight men were the better. How the sun broiled down, and how the hours dragged! But at last the hour set—6.45—had come. The water conditions were perfect, but the tide had not yet really swung to ebb. The buoys were lying across stream. Both crews and referee determined to wait a short time longer for the tide to run before starting, as it seemed likely that the water would not roughen any, and a four-mile row in dead water would be more than either crew cared for, if it could be avoided.

Just after seven, however, the referee called them out, and, carefully launching their fragile shells, the sixteen sunburned oarsmen stepped in, seated themselves, and came rowing smoothly and gracefully over to the start just under the west bank. Crowds in the long observation trains on each shore watched and cheered again and again the slender shells as they backed into position, and the referee's boat came up behind them after giving the instructions. Then Referee Meikleham, raising the starter's pistol in his right hand, called out, "Are you ready, Harvard? Are you ready, Yale?" and being answered in the affirmative, called out once more, "Are you ready, both?" Then followed the shot that sent them on their long journey.

Harvard's shell fairly leaped to the front, although the Yale boat was by no means slow in getting off. Harvard had determined, as she did last year, to get the lead early in the race, and then never relinquish it. Last year, it is true, this policy had resulted in defeat through the exhaustion and collapse of their stroke oar at the end of the third mile. But it is fair to say this young man, Harding, had been called upon at the last moment, owing to an injury to Harvard's regular stroke and captain. This year Harvard meant to get that lead and believed she could keep it for the full four miles. On the two boats went toward the half-mile flag, Harvard leading, but Yale hanging on like a bulldog, and at each sway of the lithe bodies of the oarsmen the nose of the Yale shell seemed to push itself up just by the side of the Harvard bow oar. At the half-mile mark Harvard led by three-fifths of a second. Both were rowing steadily and in excellent form as they went on toward the mile; the only thing that seemed to change the relative position of the two boats was when, owing to the difference in the timing of the strokes, the bodies in one boat were starting backward while the bodies in the other boat were coming forward. Then those bodies which were

BLAGDEN, CAPTAIN OF YALE'S WINNING CREW

KUNZIG, WHO WAS ELECTED CAPTAIN YALE 1902 VARSITY CREW — CAMERON, WHO STROKED YALE TO VICTORY ON THE THAMES

going backward would push ahead, only to be overtaken and pushed back again by the other set of bodies at their catch. At three-quarters of a mile, however, Harvard seemed to be stretching out the lead a little. They looked to be rowing more powerfully than Yale, and, as they entered the water for the second mile, the crimson boat was certainly half a length ahead. But as they went into the first half of the second mile, Harvard's practically continual spurt by which they were holding the lead seemed to be telling on the men, and they were eased down a trifle. But if they supposed that this would be safe they were manifestly reckoning without due consideration of the powerful swing in the Yale boat, for, as they reached the end of the third half mile, Yale's bow had stolen up and perceptibly reduced the lead, although Harvard had still a good quarter of a length the advantage. Harvard then put in "ten good strokes" in the endeavor to get back that few feet which they had lost. But no crew can long stand rowing at such a pressure as the Harvard men had been exerting for a mile and a half, and Yale, with a smoother and more complete finish at each stroke, was now evidently gaining, but only by inches. On both went toward the two-mile mark. Now Yale is making her effort, thought every one, for Stroke Cameron was calling upon his men, feeling that the time had come to collar Harvard and put them behind. Then for twenty-five strokes followed as game a struggle as two crews with their race half over dared indulge in, and Yale got the better of it. Her bow had passed the Harvard bow, and as they swung by the flags the crimson oars were nearly as far behind as the Yale oars had been on entering this fourth half mile. The faces of the men in the Yale boat expressed a grim satisfaction at this point, and, looking from the official boat, one could see that the Yale eight had gained tremendously in their confidence at thus wresting the lead from Harvard. In fact, they looked rather placid. But there was plenty in the Harvard boat yet, and before Yale realized it another tremendous spurt by Harvard had carried them level with the Yale bow, and before the two-mile-and-a-half flag was reached they had a clean second lead, and on passing those flags three-quarters of a length. The faces in the Yale boat had lost their self-satisfaction, and plainly showed anxiety. Blagden at 7, looking out of the corner of his eye, seemed to dig in his oar with renewed energy, while Johnson at 3 no longer looked jauntily over his shoulder at his Harvard opposite. For it is coming near the death struggle, and Harvard has a lead of three-quarters of a boat length. On they swing to the three-mile mark, which Harvard passes a half length to the good, Yale having crept up somewhat on Harvard's inability to hold such a tremendous pace. Those flags once passed, it is the last mile, and if anybody has any superfluous strength now is the time to work it out. Both strokes realize this. The coxswains, knowing that the time has come, each helps to freshen up his stroke by a dab of water caught from the river with his hand and splashed over the stroke oar. As one looks out over the two crews, it seems impossible that either of them can pull another pound more than they are now doing. But Yale is creeping up. The Harvard stroke must go back to his unending spurt or be passed. He tries to do this and his crew respond gamely, but their stroke is shortened a trifle at the finish, where Yale is rowing it well out, and just before reaching the three miles and a half Yale has pulled down their lead and the boats are level. Now for the last half mile. The cannon begin to boom out over the heads of the oarsmen, the voices of the crowd come nearer in excited cheers, and, side by side, stroke for stroke, the two eights beat on down through the line of yachts. Now comes the moment when somebody's heart must break, and each man remembers all he has heard of "quitters." Just how a man feels under these conditions only the sufferer can say. It is the final spurt, and Cameron, the stroke of the Yale boat, with remarkable judgment and vigor, leads his crew in that spurt which is to last for a quarter of a mile until the finish is crossed. Rhythmical, smooth, strong and determined, he sends back the stroke and the men follow, although it is probable that half of them if asked a minute before whether they could stand another spurt would have wondered whether it were possible. And it is that spurt which kills Harvard. Desperate, they try to respond, doggedly resisting to the end; but their stroke is short, and the Yale shell fairly leaps to the front, and in the final quarter mile pulls out over a length and a half and dashes over the finish line, the winner of the most heart-breaking four-mile race ever rowed on the New London Thames.

COURTNEY AND CORNELL

Courtney and Cornell at last came back to their own in the Poughkeepsie races, winning two of the three, and leading in the third until accidents supervened, breaking the record of the course and incidentally defeating the favorites. The day was one of which they might well be proud. The times of the winners for some years past will show the magnitude of Cornell's triumph. In 1895 Columbia won in 21 minutes 20 seconds, in 1897 Cornell won in 20 minutes 47 4-5 seconds, in 1899 Pennsylvania won in 20 minutes 5 seconds, and in 1900 Pennsylvania won in 19 minutes 44 3-5 seconds. This year Cornell won in the remarkable time of 18 minutes 53 1-5 seconds. The race was a hot one all through, Cornell and Georgetown having the best of the current, which in that ninety-foot channel runs like a mill stream. Cornell soon secured a lead, followed by Columbia, who, a bit later on, gave place for a time to Wisconsin. Then there was some see-sawing. At the mile, Cornell still had a bare lead and was rowing 34 strokes to the minute, Columbia and Wisconsin at a point higher, and Georgetown struggling at 38. Pennsylvania and Syracuse were practically out of the race. At two miles, Columbia had pulled down Wisconsin, and from that time it was a toss up between Columbia and Cornell, Cornell finally winning by a length and a half. Pennsylvania won the freshman race from Cornell, owing, first, to the momentary collapse of No. 7 in the Cornell boat, and, second, to the breaking of No. 5's oar lock in the same boat. Cornell won the four-oar by a brilliant sprint and good steering at the finish. The day was a chapter of accidents, among which were the drifting down of Columbia's launch on to Cornell's stake boat, which resulted in giving Cornell the benefit of a flying start, the failure of the referee's pistol to go off on the first attempt, the spreading of an oar lock in the Cornell freshman boat owing to the swells of a passing steamer, and, finally, the all but swamping of the Syracuse shell by the referee's boat, because unless the referee ran up on Syracuse he couldn't keep within hail of the leaders.

Haulan's stock has gone up on Columbia's excellent showing.

Cornell rowed the typical Courtney stroke throughout the race. The men were magnificently together, and the form,

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CORNELL'S THREE CREWS

according to the accepted ideals, was practically perfect, and the crew moved in magnificent unison. As the men came down over the stretchers for the catch the backs were straight, the arms well up and out. As soon as the position of full reach was attained, the blades caught the water. Pitched back at somewhat of an angle, the men thus threw their bodies on, not starting the slides until the body was nearly perpendicular, at that point beginning to press down the legs and carrying the stroke through steadily and smoothly. As soon as the body had passed the perpendicular, the hands were carried home, finishing out the stroke well, the elbows being now close to the sides. The hands were then shot out, the shoulders falling, and when half way down of the recover, slowing so as to come up against the chucks easily, ready for the next catch.

CORNELL FRESHMEN

LAWN TENNIS. REJUVENESCENCE OF HOBART

Clarence Hobart has come home from abroad in excellent form, as was shown in his match with Beals Wright at the Crescent Athletic Club Round Robin Invitation Lawn Tennis Tournament. Hobart has not played against any of the American cracks since 1897, and it was of especial interest to note how his game would measure itself with the play of our younger wielders of the racquet. Wright was ranked fourth last year, and is at all times a difficult opponent. Probably most of the spectators expected the Boston man to win, and certainly after the way in which he started. He ran in on his service, and Hobart seemed to be upset by the crowding, so that Wright soon had a lead of 4 to 0. It was then that Hobart let out and showed his real form. With that swift drop for which he was formerly notable, but with it more pace and accuracy, he proceeded to dislodge Wright from the net, and before long he had him moving more and more slowly, and actually ran six straight games, winning the first set 6—4. Wright again started off in the second set, getting the first three games. Hobart took the next, and Wright the fifth. But the older man then speedily ran out five games in succession, winning the second set. Once more the Boston boy started off with a rush and got the first three games of the third set, only to fall back again, while Hobart scored four successive games. At this point Wright recovered somewhat, and finally secured the set by winning the next three games, 6—4. Hobart failing to control his returns as well as in the first part of the match. In the fourth set, however, he had the Harvard man once more at his mercy, his returns being so fast and well placed that Wright was utterly unable to volley them at the net as he has been able to handle so many other men, and Hobart won, 6—3.

GEORGETOWN CREW LEAVING FLOAT

Leo Ware proved too much for Hobart, and won by 3 sets to 2. The older man seemed entirely unable to control the stroke with which he so successfully defeated Beals Wright. As a result the heroes of the tournament were between Ware and Larned, and owing to the fact that there was not time to finish off the tie, they tossed a coin and Ware won.

When Hobart met Larned, there was another reversal of form, for in spite of Larned's defeat the day before by Ware, he beat Hobart three sets to love. The heat seemed to affect Hobart very much. He was extremely wild, and never once played up to his usual form.

After one of the most exciting contests ever seen across the nets, Miss Bessie Moore succeeded in defeating Miss Marion Jones at Wissahickon Heights, after the latter had won two sets and was within a point of the third and match. The first set turned out 6—4 in Miss Jones's favor, the second 6—1 in her favor. The third, Miss Moore finally pulled out, 9—7, following this with a similar set, 9—7. At this point Miss Jones showed exhaustion. Miss Moore, although much fatigued, seemed to have better stamina, and won the set, the match, and the woman's championship, 6—3.

Miss Marion Jones of New York and Mr. R. D. Little of Princeton defeated Miss McAteer and Dr. Stevens in the final round of mixed doubles by a score of 6—4, 6—4, 7—5.

Davis and Ward at this writing are still continuing their excellent progress in the doubles in the championship tourney at Wimbledon. They worked their way to the semi-finals through defeating Hawes and Young, followed by Davis and Gamble, the latter by three sets to love, each one of the sets being 6—3. Should they succeed in the next round it will entitle them to meet the holders of the championship, the Doherttys, the best pair in England. The American game is being recognized there more and more, and its freedom and dash are much admired.

MISS GENEVIEVE HECKER

Miss Genevieve Hecker in her work at present is manifestly at the top of her game, and her record this season entitles her to first place among the American women golfers. There is a great deal of discussion as to how she would compare with the best English women players, but such speculation seems to lead to no satisfactory conclusion. There are no women in this country who can drive with Miss Hecker, who in the Metropolitan Championship overdrove the 11th green, 190-yard hole, by some ten yards. On the second hole also, 460 yards, she was level with the green in a drive, a brassey, short mashy and pitch. In other words Miss Hecker, although in driving contest covering only 134 yards, is pretty close to 200 yards at her best with the driver. This puts her practically out of the class of American women players. But when it comes to English women like Miss Whigham it is a different matter. This player in her match a year ago drove some 218 yards on the 17th hole, and netted over 400 on the 18th with her driver and brassey. Miss Adair, Miss Graham and Miss Neville are all in the top line of the English players, and should any of these come over, or should Miss Hecker try them on their home greens, there would be an opportunity to test the question, and bring to a solution a question of supremacy which is agitating golfing enthusiasts generally.

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THE WEST VIRGINIA FLOOD

(SEE PAGES 1 AND 4)

ON SUNDAY, June 23, the Elkhorn Valley in the famous Pocahontas coal region of West Virginia was swept by a flood so terrible, so quick in its passing, that within twenty minutes the valley of industry was turned into a valley of death. But for one circumstance, the victims of the rushing waters would have numbered more than were counted at Johnstown and Galveston. The saving circumstance was the telephone—by which the various villages were warned that the river was overflowing its banks. The people took to the hills, and the torrent's harvest of death numbered sixty, instead of the hundreds which it might have caught had not the telephone carried the alarm ahead.

The stricken section is in McDowell County, down near the Virginia border, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Roanoke and twenty-five miles from Bluefields. Through this region flows the Elkhorn, fed by innumerable small streams. In an incredibly short space of time a vast downpour filled the tributary streams, and they in turn swelled the Elkhorn until it inundated the country southward for seventy-five miles.

The tracks of the Norfolk and Western Railway, bordering the river, were ripped up for a distance of ten miles, as if they had been so many yards of string; a hundred freight cars were flung hither and thither like chips. At Keystone, a place of two thousand inhabitants, the principal town of the mining district, ten men were drowned and only a few houses were left intact. At Burke, too, a suburb of Keystone, eight lives were lost and nearly all the dwellings were crushed as if made of eggshell. At Rolfe, a safe weighing a ton was carried downstream half a mile. At Belchertown, the prison was lifted from its foundation and the inmates escaped. At North Fork Junction, and at Powhattan, the iron and steel railroad bridges were torn down like so many houses of cards. At Maybury, Ennis, Eckman, Vivian, and a dozen other places, the inhabitants lost everything—their homes, their furniture, their clothing, their savings. The destitute ones are now living in tents, in cabins, in every kind of makeshift home on the hills, their distress augmented by anguish over missing children and friends. The mine owners, however, are supplying them with food, rebuilding their houses in the valley, and declining outside aid on the ground that their well-filled stores were left standing and that they can themselves supply all necessary relief to their employés.

The loss of property and loss to business has been variously estimated from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000. The most conservative estimate, based upon figures supplied by the railroad officials and mine owners is: Loss in traffic to Norfolk and Western Railroad, $500,000; damage to the railroad, $1,500,000; on half month's production of coal, $2,000,000; two weeks' wages in mines, $200,000; damage to operations, $500,000. Total, $4,700,000.

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I had at that time been an invalid for several years, but did not know my trouble was caused by coffee drinking, of which I was very fond. I immediately began to feel better after leaving off coffee and using Postum, and stuck to it. One day I met a lady who was troubled the same as I was, and whose appearance on the street really shocked me, for she was so emaciated. She exclaimed in surprise at my improved appearance, and wanted to know what I had been doing. She asked me if I had had a healer of any kind. I said, "Yes, I have allowed Postum Food Coffee to work the almost complete miracle of curing me."

My husband has been absent in Georgia for some time, and has been in wretched health, having been in the hospital twice for indigestion. I wrote him to stop using coffee and try Postum, told him also just how to make it. Yesterday I received a letter from him in which he says, "I am feeling very much better, thanks to you and Postum. I sleep better, eat better, and in fact, my dear, am quite an improvement on the old husband." Alice L. Gilson, 805 Park Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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